The Outlook

FEBRUARY 15, 1922

JUDGE KENYON

FOR the past decade no man in the United States Senate has been more prominent in progressive legislation than has William Squire Kenyon, of Iowa.

He has now accepted an appointment from the President as a Judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, which comprises some thirteen States. The Senate paid Senator Kenyon the compliment of confirming the nomination not in executive but in open session. Every Senator instantly rose when the question was put. The nomination was unanimous. This shows what Senator Kenyon's colleagues thought of him. Despite their regret that he should leave the Senate, once his decision was made they wanted him to have this mark of their regard.

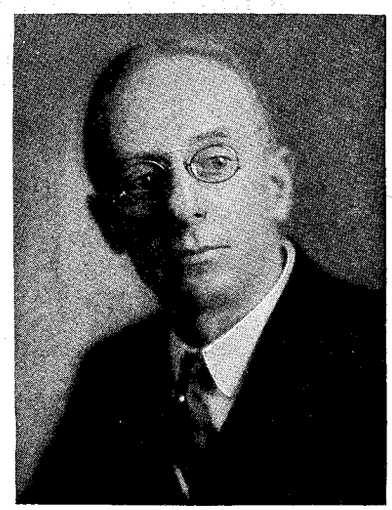
Several months ago Senator Kenyon declined an offer to a place on the Federal district bench because the legislative situation at that time seemed to demand his remaining in Congress. But, as he says, "The situation is different now. The West Virginia investigation is out of the way; likewise the Newberry case, and a large portion of the agricultural programme has been put through." Now that another offer comes to serve on the Federal Bench, Mr. Kenyon accepts, for his ambition has always been to serve there.

His life has been mainly that of a lawyer and judge. Born in Ohio, he was educated in Iowa, and shortly after his admission to the bar was elected County Public Prosecutor, later becoming Judge in the Eleventh Iowa Judicial District. He was then appointed attorney for the Illinois Central Railway System, and afterwards general counsel for it. When the late Senator Dolliver asked Secretary of War Dickinson about Mr. Kenyon's qualifications for Assistant Attorney-General of the United States (Mr. Dickinson having been former general counsel of the Illinois Central during Mr. Kenyon's early service with it), the opinion resulted in Mr. Kenyon's appointment. Mr. Dolliver and Mr. Kenyon were close friends and lived in the same city, Fort Dodge.

Mr. Kenyon succeeded Mr. Dolliver in the Senate. He has succeeded not only titularly, but also in perpetuating that kind of progressivism for which Mr. Dolliver was famous. Neither man was an extremist; each man had intelligence and courage and high ideals. These qualities have been particularly shown during recent days when, under Mr. Kenyon's leadership, the agricultural bloc has been saved from unnecessary extravagance of legislative demand, and when it has put through and is putting through a body of legislation which proves the power of the bloc. Since Senator Kenyon's appointment to the bench a question has developed as to his eligibility. The Constitution declares:

> No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time.

The salary of the Circuit judgeship to which Mr. Kenyon was appointed was increased from $7,000 to $8,500 by a law passed in February, 1919, while Mr. Kenyon was serving his first term as Senator. The term for which Mr. Kenyon was re-elected Senator began in March, 1919. Thus Senator Kenyon will doubtless take his seat on the judicial bench.



THE PILGRIM FATHERS

A PROTEST

BY THE PRESIDENT OF YALE

The new President of Yale, Dr. James R. Angell, thinks that the Pilgrim Fathers are "extolled in terms which would have brought the blush of shame to their tanned and sallow cheeks," and that the praise is not only excessive, but is often "ludicrously misconceived and misdirected."

He tells why in an article in The Outlook next week.

LEGISLATING AGAINST EVOLUTION

ELSEWHERE in this issue of The Outlook will be found an editorial commenting on the extraordinary campaign now being carried on in the Legislature of Kentucky against the theory and idea of evolution; and it will be noted that those who support the bills before the Kentucky Legislature as we write are apparently in ignorance of the fact that evolution and "Darwinism" are by no means one and the same thing.

The facts in this case, as they reach us directly from a correspondent in Kentucky, are that the agitation began just after an address on "Enemies of the Bible" by William J. Bryan, delivered by request before the Legislature itself. The very next day a bill was introduced into the House by Mr. George W. Ellis, of Barren County. The bill is before us. It makes it unlawful for any one connected with public schools or colleges in which State money is used "to teach or knowingly permit the same to be taught: Darwinism, Atheism, Agnosticism, or the theory of Evolution in so far as it pertains to the origin of man." A fine of from fifty dollars to five thousand dollars or imprisonment in the county jail for from ten days to twelve months, or both, are the penalties provided. Another section makes it possible, on proceedings taken, to forfeit or revoke the charter of any institution allowing such teaching.

Later another bill was introduced by Mr. J. R. Rash in the Senate, but it differs only in eliminating the prison penalty and the charter forfeiture provisions.

Our Kentucky correspondent informs us that the newspapers of the State are generally opposing these bills; that at first they supposed there was no danger of their passage, but soon changed their opinion, and we judge that the public opposition of the newspapers has made the passage of such a measure now improbable.

The Louisville "Courier-Journal," in its issue of February 3, prints a group of about thirty-five telegrams sent in response to a question put by Dr. Frank L. McVey, President of the University of Kentucky. These telegrams come from scientists, educators, and clergy-

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men all over the country; among the writers are President Butler, of Columbia; President Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard; Dr. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation; and Lyman Abbott. Without exception, they condemn the proposal as (to quote a few words and phrases actually used in the telegrams) archaic, freak legislation, dishonoring to God, ridiculous, un-American, intellectual suicide, and such a measure as "would stamp Kentucky as a community of reactionaries and make it a laughing-tock of all intelligent persons."

As against this we note in the "Courier-Journal" only one utterance in support of the measure. It comes from the Rev. James L. Porter, a Baptist minister of Lexington, Kentucky, who quoted Mr. Bryan as saying that he did not want his children taught that any brute blood was flowing through their veins. Mr. Porter commented, "Why should we teach something in our schools that we would slap a man in the face for saying?"

A SOUTH AMERICAN ALSACE-LORRAINE

HALF-WAY down the west coast of South America are the regions of Tacna, Tarapacá, and Antofagasta. The southernmost of these provinces are rich in nitrates.

Tacna and Tarapacá used to belong to Peru; and Antofagasta, with its port of the same name, to Bolivia. They all now belong to Chile.

In 1879 war broke out. Bolivia and Peru claimed that Chile was the aggressor because of her desire to get hold of the nitrate fields. Chile claimed that Bolivia was the aggressor because of her violation of treaties with Chile to protect Chilean nationals in the territory of Antofagasta. Peru followed Bolivia into the conflict, because, it is said, of the existence of a secret treaty with Bolivia; the Chileans charged, however, that the war was waged by Peru and Bolivia because they wished to expropriate certain nitrate mines belonging to Chileans but located in the Bolivian and Peruvian provinces.

The war lasted for four years and was closed by a treaty (1883) imposed by the victor, Chile. Bolivia and Peru lost outright the provinces of Antofagasta and Tarapacá respectively, but the districts of Tacna and Arica, forming the present province of Tacna, were left to a plebiscite to be held in ten years.

When the ten years came around, the plebiscite was not executed because, the Chileans claimed, Peru was not disposed to pay the indemnity involved therein, nor was she at the conclusion of the succeeding ten years. Meanwhile, as

Wide World Photos

GENERAL DE WET

was natural, Chileanization of the provinces went on apace and the question of a plebiscite to-day is, the Peruvians claim, beside the mark, because such a method would mean only that Peru and Bolivia would be beaten and that Chile would receive full title to the entire territory. The Peruvians and the Bolivians, therefore, proposed general arbitration looking to a revision of the treaty. The proposal was made at the recent meeting of the League of Nations, but in vain. The proposal of the Chileans for an arbitration of the particular plebiscite clause of the treaty brought the discussion to the present stage. At the request of Chile and Peru, President Harding has invited representatives of the two nations to meet in Washington "with a view to finding the means of settling the difficulties which divide the two countries."

A FAMOUS BOER GENERAL

GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET, who died in Bloemfontein, South Africa, on February 3, at the age of sixty-seven, was perhaps a more typical Boer than any other of the noted Boer commanders. His military ability was like that of a brilliant guerrilla leader; he had marvelous agility in moving his forces to and fro and surprising the enemy by the boldness and rapidity of his actions. He rose rapidly in the war from an unimportant position to the command of all the Boer forces, for he succeeded General Cronje after his surrender.

De Wet was an irreconcilable believer in the independence of his people, just as De Valera was and is in Ireland. When the Great War in Europe broke out in 1914 General De Wet placed himself at the head of a rebellion in the Orange Free State and Western Transvaal. De Wet and his forces were within a few weeks completely suppressed by an army under the command of De Wet's former military comrade, General Louis Botha. The wisdom of General Jan Smuts and General Botha will long be remembered in contrast with General De Wet's folly.

De Wet himself was convicted of treason in 1915, sentenced to six years' imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand dollars, but was released after a few months. When another insurrection was planned in 1916, he refused to take part and, indeed, used his influence against it.

THE MOLTKE OF JAPAN

DURING recent weeks Japan has been hard hit by death. Her Prime Minister was murdered, then an ex-Premier died, and now another ex-Premier has died.

The last of the three, Aritomo Yamagata, was also the oldest and the most militant. Beginning in 1838, his life compassed the remaking of Japan. When he was a boy, the Shogun reigned—that kind of ruler who stood between the Emperor and the people. The Japanese finally rose against this incrustation. Into the struggle the young Yamagata threw himself heart and soul; for was he not descended from a Japanese Emperor? He led the cavalry of the Imperial army against the Shogunate and won a decisive victory. On account of this he was made commander of an entire division of the Imperial army.

After the war the Emperor sent Yamagata to Europe to study the military systems there for the benefit of the Japanese army. The results of this tour and of succeeding tours are seen in the Japanese army system as we know it. Yamagata's first changes were the abolition of the monopoly of sword-carrying, which the Samurai clans had enjoyed from time immemorial, and, second, the introduction of universal service. It was appropriate that such a man should become Vice-Minister and then Minister of War, Chief of the General Staff, Prime Minister, President of the Privy Council.

In the war with China Yamagata commanded the First Army Corps. The war with Russia was due in part to Russia's disregard of the famous treaty concerning Korea, which Yamagata had concluded with Prince Lobanov.

In social and military rank Yamagata rose from a simple citizen through the many grades to Prince and Field Mar-

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shal. All through his life he was an aristocrat of the aristocrats and a conservative of the conservatives. Yet he treated all who had occasion to deal with him, no matter what their status, as if they were his equals. The result was that he was highly esteemed, even by those whose opinions differed sharply from his. His popularity was accentuated by his learning and love of the arts.

This man who as a youth had witnessed Perry's landing in Japan was throughout a friend to America. "You are a sort of mother country to us," he said. "The Japan of to-day is a child of America."

THE ISOLATION OF FRANCE

FROM the Conference at Washington all the nations represented there have emerged in greater security than before, and with greater power or prestige—all but one.

France has lost in power, in prestige, in reputation, and in good will.

When she came to the Conference, France was recognized generally, or at least she regarded herself and claimed regard, as one of the great naval Powers of the world. She leaves the Conference a third-rate naval Power, and is considered foolish because she ventured to express an opinion as to what her own naval power ought to be. She has been roundly condemned not only by Englishmen (whose sympathy for France has not been very pronounced of late) but by Americans for her sensitiveness to criticism, her unwillingness to follow plans that have been laid out for her by other nations, for her alleged imperialistic designs, and for her alleged obstruction of the complete success of America's programme for limiting armament.

We Americans were sure that our purposes were beneficent; we were quite conscious of the righteousness of our own intentions; we believed that we might set an example which others might profitably follow. We had no need for an army. We did not believe that other nations had need for armies either. We knew that we could build a navy incomparably stronger than that of any other Power, but we were willing to keep our navy down to an equality with Great Britain's. We insisted on keeping it about three times as strong as that of France. In view of the fact that we had so strong a navy, we thought we were particularly generous in allowing France to have a force of submarines fully one-third the strength of our own. When, therefore, it was made to appear that any plan for reducing land armaments was thwarted by the refusal of France to reduce her

Paul Thompson

PRINCE YAMAGATA

own army; and when our scheme for keeping the number of battleships down was endangered by the effect on Great Britain and Japan of what France had to say about her own battleships; and when the plan to limit submarine forces was abandoned because France insisted that she needed as many submarines as the United States and Great Britain planned to keep for themselves, American indignation against France grew very pronounced.

At this time, when America is specially conscious of her good intentions, and particularly of her desire to set the world a good example, it is hard for Americans to imagine that people of other lands can find in us exactly the same faults that we have found in France, and yet there are people on both sides of us, across the Atlantic as well as across the Pacific, who regard America as imperialistic. A Japanese reader of The Outlook has written to one of its editors frankly expressing an opinion of the United States which is widespread in Japan. "If you were generous to allow me to express frankly what the whole Japanese Nation thinks of the United States of America," he writes, "we might call your country another Russian Empire taking an aggressive policy to Asia sweeping those scattered isles and islands in the Pacific Ocean under your vulturous wings. . . . The newly concluded *entente cordiale* of four Powers in substitution of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is construed by the Japanese at present as a measure taken by the United States simply for the sake of convenience to accomplish her long cherished objects in the Far East. . . . The Americans taken individually are in general very kind, considerate, and sympathetic, but as a whole nation quite reverse, behaving without taking any consideration of other people's situation but suiting their action to their own purpose." Such is the view of America as seen from across the Pacific. A similar view is that of an Englishman, written in the "Labor Monthly," of London. In his article, which is reprinted in the "Living Age" for January 28, he says:

> America before the war was a debtor country. She emerged from the war the creditor of the world. . . . Therefore the financial stability of Europe is a matter of intense and direct concern to the United States. . . . Europe must cut down its military and naval estimates in order that Europe may be able to pay its debts to America. That is the quite simple genesis of the "armaments" side of the Conference. No idealism, no pacifism, no millennium-mongery. . . . China, in spite of a quarter of a century of concession-hunting, is still virtually untouched. It seems to predatory American capitalism its destined sphere of plunder. . . .
>
> American capitalism is going to exploit China, and the first step to that must be the ousting of Japan from the privileged position she has attained. . . .
>
> The Anglo-Japanese Alliance must be broken. Japan must be isolated in order that she may be coerced. There is the equally simple genesis of the second part of the Washington programme. Again, no idealism (though much chatter about Chinese sovereign rights and about the "open door.") No idealism, but just hard economic facts.
>
> *The European debt dictated a Disarmament Conference. The ambitions of American capitalism dictated a Far Eastern Conference. The two blended easily and naturally.*

Nothing that Americans have said about France is more severe than these things which a Japanese and an Englishman have said about America. These accusations against America we know to be unjust, unreasonable, unintelligent. Are we sure that America's criticism of France is any more just, reasonable, or intelligent?

France has been accused of imperialism because, it is alleged, she has obstructed the reduction of land armament. Has she obstructed such reduction? With more need of an army than either we or the British have of a navy, France has proceeded to reduce her army by one-third, and is planning to reduce it by one-half. This was plainly stated by M. Briand at the Armament Conference. Because he pointed out at the same time that since France was next-door neighbor to a people who had destroyed her

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industries and ravaged her fields she had need to be on guard, Americans jumped to the conclusion that France was refusing to reduce her army, and therefore they did not listen to what M. Briand said. The fact is that France, in the near presence of danger, has done quite as much to reduce her army as America, in safety, has done to limit her navy. That no formal agreement for the limitation of land armaments was made at the Conference is due not to any objection from France, but to the fact that several nations maintaining armies on a war footing, particularly Germany and Russia, were not and could not be represented at that Conference. All great naval Powers were at the Conference; therefore a naval agreement could be reached. Not all the great military nations were represented; therefore an agreement on land armament could not be reached.

France has been accused of imperialism because, it is alleged, she obstructed the limitation on the tonnage of submarines. France did not do so. She did not demand the right to build an unlimited number of submarines. She asked simply for the right to build an equivalent of thirty submarines of three thousand tons each or eighteen submarines of five thousand tons each. Because she asks for the liberty of doing this England refused to put any limitation upon her own submarine building. France wanted simply the right to the same amount that England and the United States demanded. It is not likely that she will ever build the number of submarines that she asked the liberty of building. She may build more than eighteen submarines, but they will certainly not be of five thousand tons each, probably few of three thousand tons; but because she asked this Great Britain announced her refusal to be bound by any limitation on auxiliary naval vessels. Nevertheless France has voluntarily announced a self-limitation, without the agreement of anybody else, to the 90,000 tons which were assigned by the American proposal to America and Great Britain.

To say that France wants submarines in order to use them as Germany did is as gratuitous as to say the same thing of America. France has proved the contrary by cordially supporting the rule against any use of them as commerce destroyers.

In addition to this France, of her own accord, abandoned the naval programme on which she had started before the war, and which she had suspended because she was busy building guns for an unprepared America, as well as for herself, reduced her programme voluntarily by one-half, and then accepted a programme which gave her one-third the naval strength of the United States, though her colonial possessions are in both hemispheres and have an area equal to that of the United States and a coast-line as great as the American coast-line. If America were proposing to abandon all navies, her own included, and all other nations agreed, the French attitude might seem hard to understand, but America is maintaining a navy practically three times that of France. Is it any wonder that Frenchmen find it as hard to understand the American attitude toward France as we find it hard to understand the attitude of the Japanese and the Englishman, whose accusations against America we have quoted?

France is not without fault, but her fault is not that of the imperialist and the militarist. France has apparently not taken the pains to make herself understood. She has not known how to reach the mind of the ordinary American. M. Briand's speech at the Conference was eloquent; but it emphasized the things that Americans would prefer to forget, and it concealed in the midst of its rhetoric the things that Americans needed to know. There was no spokesman for France at the Conference that made himself understood by the majority of the press correspondents there. The French seem to find it hard to understand the mental processes of the peoples of other lands, and particularly the mental processes of Americans. Certainly the French have failed to interpret themselves to the mind of America. Moreover, France suffers from politicians who are as bad as our worst. When M. Briand spoke he had to keep in mind not only the American public, but those French politicians as well. The Americans who charge France with imperialism would be better occupied in deploring her bad politics. Perhaps we might judge France more charitably if we recognized that her fault was really one which we have not altogether escaped ourselves.

CIVILIZATION STILL SURVIVES

THE other evening in a group of men who are amateurs of arts and letters we heard an old New Yorker who has for fifty years been intimately associated with poets, essayists, painters, sculptors, architects, and university professors expatiate with real pathos on the deplorable fact that interest in intellectual life in New York is in a "state of suspended animation." He did admit that American architects show vitality and progress, but it appeared to be his view that the young men of the present generation are so wholly immersed in material things that they no longer find joy in the simple and genuine intellectual and social converse of their fathers.

This is a very old complaint. We elders are prone to think that our sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters are more frivolous and superficial than we were and that they live altogether too lightly and flippantly. In a recent issue of The Outlook Mr. Irving Bacheller dwelt upon this hopeless state of American life. A year or two ago the "Atlantic Monthly" had a series of articles and contributions on the frivolity of the flapper.

There was a time when these sober and sorrowful criticisms of our modern Nestors greatly depressed us. But a friend recently brought to our attention a fact in the history of literature which has proved to be a very cheerful antidote. It seems that the oldest known manuscript in syllabic writing on papyrus was written in Egypt about fifteen hundred years before Christ—it is preserved in one of the European museums, the Bibliothèque Nationale, or perhaps it is the British Museum—and the Egyptian writer of the manuscript devotes his essay to deploring the trifling of the young people of his time and to imploring them to return to the higher and better standards of their fathers. If the present-day conflict between the old and the young about customs and manners existed in practically its present form three thousand years ago, why worry? The human race has endured and civilization has made some progress, and it will undoubtedly continue to do so in spite of short skirts and chewing-gum.

The prevailing note at least in the public press and to some extent on the platform and in the pulpit with regard to present-day customs and manners is a depressing and hopeless one. We believe that this hopeless tone is a part of the war neurosis and is not justified by the facts. One would imagine from the comments of both serious editorial writers and the humorous "columnists" that the New Yorkers who travel on the subways and the elevated are simply a mob of greedy, selfish, pushing, and offensive barbarians.

Once in a while, however, a ray of sunshine breaks through the gloom of these newspapers. In a recent issue of the New York "Sun," for example, there appeared on the same page two cheerful letters on this topic. Perhaps the pessimist will say that they were written in collusion, but we are inclined to

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I SPEAK BUT IN THE FIGURES AND COMPARISONS OF IT

(Henry V, Act IV, Scene 7)

Marcus in the New York Times

SOME PEOPLE TAKE A LONG TIME SAYING GOOD-BY

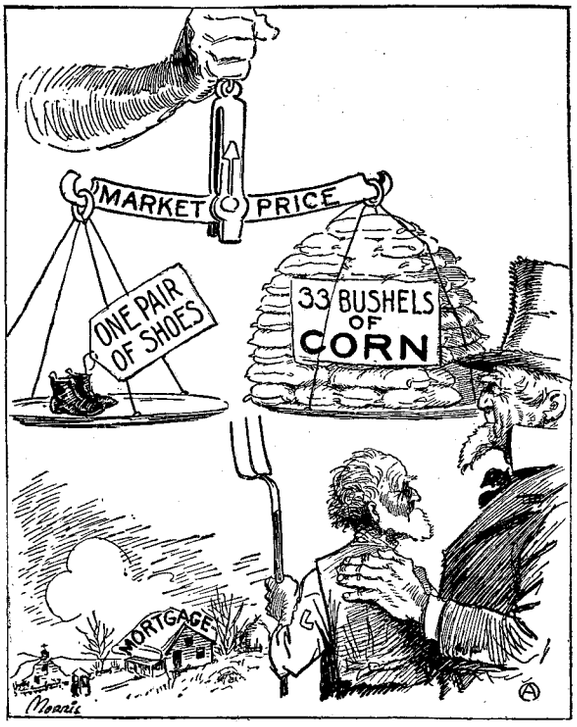
From Mrs. L. A. Baldwin, West Chester, Pa.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

OF COURSE FRANCE IS ARMED! WHO WOULDN'T BE?

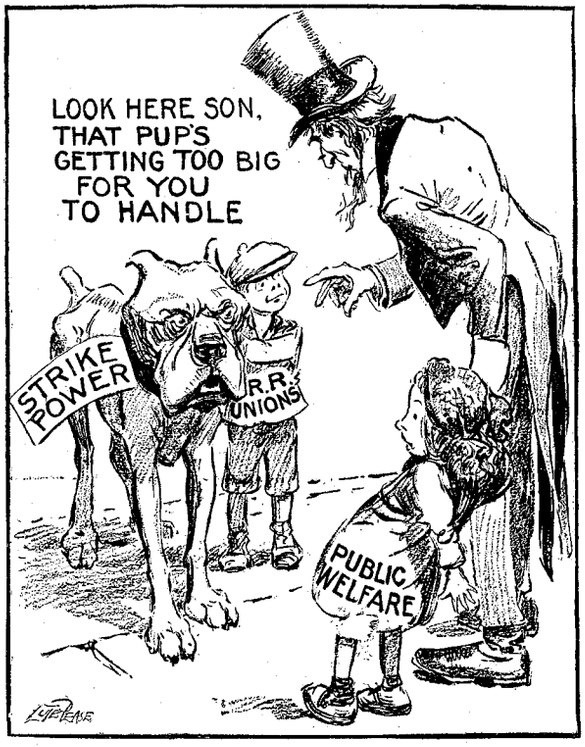
From Newton Bradford, Columbus, Ohio

Morris for the George Matthews Adams Service



ABOUT TIME WE HAD AN ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IN AMERICA

Pease in the Newark Evening News



WITHOUT A MUZZLE

From Rev. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

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take them as sincere and genuine tributes. The first was from a writer who signed himself "A Crusty Old Bachelor." He described an experience which he had just had. We print the story in full:

> While passing through the shopping district on the Sixth Avenue "L" shortly after one P.M. to-day, a lady, accompanied by a little boy of three or four years, took seats opposite to me. The youngster had a piece of chocolate in his hand, and after being seated he proceeded to remove its wrappings. For one reason or another I fully expected to see him drop the pieces of paper on the floor of the car, one by one, as his little fingers tore them apart. But he placed each one in the waiting hand of his mother, and the latter, after she had received all of them, rolled them into a diminutive wad and placed them in her reticule.
>
> The entire proceeding took place so simply, with such an air of perfect naturalness, I confess I was most profoundly impressed with the trifling exhibition of neatness and orderliness. Lucky youngster to have such a mother, and fortunate husband to have such a wife! What an example for all of us to imitate in these days of acts of thoughtlessness and lack of respect for and deference due to others!

Even the crusty old bachelor cannot refrain in his final word from referring to "these days of acts of thoughtlessness and lack of respect for and deference due to others." It seems to be a kind of liturgical formula which commentators on modern civilization feel compelled to indulge in.

The other letter is not more delightful in the incident it depicts, but it is certainly more cheerful in the moral it draws. Vera R. Wolfe—she must, we think, be a very pleasant kind of lady—tells this story:

> The subway train was crowded. I luckily secured a seat through the courtesy of a workingman. He stood in front of me, continuing to read his paper. He did not look any more tired than the usual run of toilers of the soil. Two gentlemen stood alongside him. The seat in front of the second man was vacated at Seventy-second Street. Both these men at the same time beckoned to the workingman to take the unoccupied seat, which he did without hesitancy and with a grateful "Thank you."
>
> Strange occurrence, wasn't it? It is mighty good to think that in the subway there travel men with feeling for their fellow-creatures, and I have always thought that it was an unknown quantity. Wrong again!

We think she must be a very pleasant kind of lady because, unlike the crusty old bachelor, she does not feel the necessity of condemning the mistakes of modern civilization. She is contented to condemn herself. "Wrong again!" she says. We wonder if some of us who are obsessed with the feeling that modern civilization is greedy, pushing, noisy, irreverent, and frivolous are not also wrong again.

EVOLUTION—"GOD'S WAY OF DOING THINGS"

LAST week I received from Kentucky a telegram saying that a bill had been introduced in the Kentucky Legislature making it a penal offense for any teacher in any school supported by the State to teach evolution, and asking my opinion concerning such legislation. In this letter I give to a larger constituency a fuller reply than could be given in a telegram.

The sponsor for that bill will probably read with astonishment, and perhaps with indignation, if he reads this letter at all, my statement that, so far as I know, Jesus Christ is the first character in history to describe. with approval evolution, which he does in the following parable:

> And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how. The earth beareth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come.

"Evolution," says John Fiske, "is God's way of doing things." Christ makes it very clear that it is God's way of bringing about his kingdom on the earth. Evolution is defined by Professor Le Conte as "continuous progressive change according to certain laws and by means of resident forces." Christ says that the kingdom of God will grow up, as plants grow from seed, and will grow from spiritual forces in man as the plant grows up from natural forces in the earth.

A casual glance at the Christianity in the world to-day compared with the Christianity of the New Testament proves the truth of Christ's prophecy.

From the simple evangelical creed, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," have grown up the elaborate creeds of the churches, such as the Roman Catholic Creed of Pius IV, the Westminster Confession of Faith of the Presbyterians, the Savoy Confession of the Congregationalists, the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopalians. From the simple meetings of prayer and praise held in private homes, as described in the Book of Acts, have grown up the innumerable houses of worship from the plain meeting-houses of the Friends to the magnificent cathedrals of the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics. From the simple memorial supper described in the Gospels have grown the various liturgical services which constitute, with very few exceptions, the most solemn and sacred of all the acts of worship of Christ's disciples. From the acts of charity which characterized the early churches wherever they were founded have grown the organized charity which finds its largest illustration in the work of the Red Cross contributed to in time of need by Jews and agnostics as well as by professed disciples and testifying to its origin by the ever-present symbol of the cross. From the synagogue schools, in one of which Jesus received all of his school education, have grown schools, colleges, and universities, which at first were founded and carried on only by the Christian Church, but which are now a distinctive feature of every land calling itself a Christian country. From Paul and Silas setting out alone upon a missionary journey have grown the innumerable teachers and preachers carrying the Good News into every land and telling it in their own language to people of every tongue.

A few weeks ago I was the guest of a family on whose dinner table was some delicious looking fruit—apples, pears, grapes. It was not passed, and I wondered why. I was tempted to ask if I might take a bunch of the grapes or an apple to my room at night, but, fortunately, I did not; for the next day it came out that the center-piece of the dinner table was artificial fruit. Artificial? What does that mean? It means man-made. Man's way of making fruit is to take some material—I know not what—and skillfully so combine it as to produce what would look like an apple. But it would not be an apple, for it would not possess *life;* life the artist could not give to it. God's way of making an apple is to impart life to the seed and life to the soil. A gardener or a bird drops the seed into the soil, and out of the seed and the soil grows the tree, and on the tree apples, and in the apples seeds which have the life that may produce other trees and other seeds. The gardener can plow the ground and fertilize it, and can guard the growing tree and spray and prune it; but he cannot give life to either seed or soil. Growth from seed and soil is God's way of making an apple—continuous, progressive growth by a force residing in the seed and in the soil. Sow diamonds in the soil and nothing happens; for the diamonds have not life.

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Sow seed in dead soil and nothing happens; for the soil has not life.

I went into a sculptor's studio a few months ago. Among the products of her skill was a "dancing girl;" the lightness of step, the breeze-blown gown, the seriously smiling face of the street girl dancing to the music of a hand organ, had been wonderfully caught and wonderfully reproduced in bronze. But *the dancing girl could not dance.* She had everything the original possessed except life. Many a dancing girl has come from God's hands. But the process was different. He gave to a mother a life which was not her own, a life which for a little time she carried next her heart. Then the babe lay in the cradle; it could not dance, could not even walk. But it was a living creature; and out of the living creature God and the mother working in partnership made a child, a growing girl, and by and by another mother from whom would come another life. Evolution, so the evolutionists have told us over and over again, is simply the history of a process—the process of a continuous, progressive growth, an account of God's way of doing things.

That this has been God's way of doing things from the earliest ages of which history gives us any account is unquestionable, and is unquestioned except by such teachers as Voliva and Jasper. That it has been his way of doing things in prehistoric times is a highly probable opinion and is confirmed by such investigations as scientists have made into the processes of life. It is certain that true religion has nothing to fear from free investigation of those processes. That evolution removes God from the universe is not true; on the contrary, it shows him now and always *in* the universe; it gives new significance to Christ's saying, "My Father worketh even until now;" it justifies the sacred poet's declaration, "God is never so far as even to be near;" it shows us nature and history full of the presence of God.

I am not sure what the gentleman who has introduced the Kentucky bill means by it. If it really forbids the schools to teach evolution it forbids them to teach God's way of doing things. It forbids them to teach Christ's parable of "The Seed Growing Secretly;" it forbids them to teach their pupils how the seeds they sow in spring grow to fruitful harvests in the fall; how the group of pioneers who landed on these shores four hundred years ago—Puritans in New England, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Roman Catholics in Delaware, Episcopalians in Virginia, Huguenots in the Carolinas—have grown into this great free commonwealth; how out of the pictured letters on Egyptian tombs have grown the great libraries of Rome, Paris, London, and Washington; how out of the first teaching of little children at their mother's knee have grown the great universities and the great public school systems of Christendom; how the life of justice, mercy, and reverent fellowship with God which we call Christianity has grown from the manger at Bethlehem and the empty tomb at Jerusalem.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE

I—THE LAST ACT

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

IN front of Memorial Continental Hall Elihu Root, formerly Secretary of State and United States Senator, and now American delegate to the Conference on the Limitation of Armament, was crossing the sidewalk and stepping across the curb with a worried look on his face. A moment later Lord Lee of Fareham rushed along the sidewalk with his walking-stick uplifted, like an orchestral conductor, and shouted excitedly. During these twelve weeks of labor and study and planning at the Armament Conference I have never seen such evident anxiety on the face of any delegate as that which was written plainly on Mr. Root's countenance, nor such evidence of concern mingled with agitated energy as that in Lord Lee's conduct. It was at the close of the plenary session at which the great achievements of the Conference were recorded and received assent. The end of the Shantung menace had been announced, the principal agreements concerning the future safety and well-being of China had been codified, and the extraordinary naval treaty, which scrapped huge battleships by the scores, had been formally adopted. It seemed as if by this time the occasion for anxiety and excitement had passed.

Everybody, however, who had sat through that session understood. The snow was piled high in the streets of Washington. It was blockading the motor cars which were trying to reach the entrance set apart for the officials of the Conference. Luncheon hour was long past. The men who had been establishing a basis for peace among nine nations, and in the process had been waiting patiently for weeks while experts settled technical questions or Orientals bargained over the transfer of a railway property, were not ready to stand on ceremony when it came to the question of going to luncheon at quarter to three.

For the delegates the fifth plenary session was merely a formal ceremonial. All that was done there had in substance and in fact been done before. The speeches they made there might have been read by others. The votes they cast might have been cast just as well by deputies. Nevertheless in the history of nations it is not unlikely that one of the great days to be remembered will be the day of that session, February 1, 1922.

On that day, it will be remembered, Japan and China recorded publicly for the first time their agreement concerning the final settlement of the question of Shantung.

On that day the resolutions by which eight great nations not only promised but initiated a new and freer, if not a happier, era for China and removed causes of misunderstanding and conflict were publicly acknowledged.

And on that day was accepted by the five chief naval Powers of the world the treaty which put to an end the ruinous naval race.

On each of these subjects I have written in the course of my correspondence in turn. At this time I shall not undertake to discuss them in detail. There are certain facts, however, which should be emphasized in any record of this day's achievement.

In the first place, there is no record in this day's proceedings or in the Conference of which this day is the culmination of any undertaking to reorganize the world, or to establish a new world order, or to abolish any of the rights or any of the freedom of sovereign nations, or to make out of documents the machinery for producing a golden age. This negative result has a positive quality. It enables those who believe that patriotism is one of the best and soundest forms of loyalty to believe also that it is practical to secure a closer association of nations.

In the second place, there is in this day's proceedings evidence of the necessary relation between the armament of a nation and its policies. Before the

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naval treaty limiting the tonnage and fighting power of capital ships was adopted, there was an agreement between the nations assembled concerning their policy towards China. In particular, the settlement of the difficulty created by the Japanese occupation of strategic positions in China's ancient and sacred province of Shantung was necessary before there could be any chance of the success of America's plan for the limitation of naval armament.

In the third place, there is proof in this day's proceedings of a disposition on the part of the nations represented at Washington to renounce for the general good claims and rights to which they made it clear that they felt themselves entitled. The very fact that for several weeks Japan hesitated over accepting the ratio which was suggested in the American plan and the very fact that France came totally unprepared to sacrifice as great a part of her naval programme as she finally agreed to sacrifice, so far from detracting from the significance of this Conference, give to this Conference a character of national renunciation unlike that of any in history.

I shall leave to a colleague the description of the closing plenary sessions, and to a later issue of The Outlook a general estimate of the work of the Conference as a whole.

Washington, D. C., February 1, 1922.

II—THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

In the revealing light of the public opinion of the world, without surrender of sovereignty, without impaired nationality or affronted national pride, a solution has been found in unanimity, and to-day's adjournment is marked by rejoicing in the things accomplished. . . .

I am sure the people of the United States are supremely gratified, and yet there is scant appreciation how marvelously you have wrought. . . . Majorities could not decide without impinging national rights. There were no victors to command, no vanquished to yield. All had voluntarily to agree in translating the conscience of our civilization and give concrete expression to world opinion. . . .

It has been the fortune of this Conference to sit in a day far enough removed from war's bitterness, yet near enough to war's horrors, to gain the benefit of both the hatred of war and the yearning for peace. . . .

It little matters what we appraise as the outstanding accomplishments. Any one of them alone would have justified the Conference. But the whole achievement has so cleared the atmosphere that it will seem like breathing the refreshing air of a new morn of promise. . . .

I once believed in armed preparedness. I advocated it. But I have come now to believe there is a better preparedness in a public mind and a world opinion made ready to grant justice precisely as it exacts it. And justice is better served in conferences of peace than in conflicts at arms. . . .

How simple it all has been. When you met here twelve weeks ago there was not a commitment, not an obligation except that which each delegation owes to the government commissioning it. But human service was calling, world conscience was impelling, and world opinion directing.

From President Harding's address made at the concluding session of the Arms Conference.

PRESIDENT HARDING spoke with compelling simplicity and sincerity. He elicited frequent, spontaneous, and hearty applause. I liked to see the Chinese experts, right in line with my seat as I looked across the hall, clapping their hands not so much with Oriental perfunctory politeness as with an Occidental vigor. As to the text, three features met with a special hearty reception. One was the President's comparison of the Hague Conferences with those at Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. Another was his phrase, "A world opinion made ready to grant justice precisely as it exacts it." And the third was his expression of fervent belief that the naval holiday would not expire with the treaty. Towards the end, in naming the Powers alphabetically, the President slid from Belgium to France—quite naturally following the familiar association of ideas. He reached the end of the list, Portugal, when some one must have reminded him of his omission, for he added: "Oh, *and* China—pardon me." It was a little thing, but every one smiled, and somehow the rest of the speech lost a little of the dignity and impact which had distinguished it heretofore.

Judging by what I have seen and heard during these days, I should say that Arthur Balfour was easily the best-liked delegate. Some say he has been the most influential. Half an hour after the close of to-day's session, and when nearly every one had gone, he was still shaking hands and signing autograph albums. He is stockier and ruddier than when I last saw him. He still stands in speaking as, I suppose, a dialectician should stand—with legs a bit twisted about each other, as if walking the tight rope. He is the prime "hesitant." He is like other Englishmen in stopping and hemming and hawing a bit as he speaks; but, whereas the others tire or exasperate you, he does not. He goes into the recesses of his big mental storehouse to find just the word, and while he is seeking for it, lo! other riches come before him and he brings them to you too. Anyway, he is more impressive than in the days when they called him "Fanny" and I used to go to the House of Commons to hear him. Now he has ripe age; now he is a sage.

When each delegation began to march around to the signing-place in the middle of the U-shaped green table, everyone applauded and redoubled the applause when the delegates had actually signed. The French delegates (M. Sarraut, Minister for the French colonies, and M. Jusserand, French Ambassador at Washington) awakened the most emphatic applause of all. This indicated some reaction from certain judgments concerning the position France had taken in the Conference, as well as an expression of historic friendship.

As to-day Secretary Hughes with powerful stride led the American delegates around the green table and into the inclosure where they were to sign the treaties I could not help thinking what a stalwart dominie this Baptist would have made. Irreverently I imagined him immersing little Masanao Hanihara, for instance, whether or no, with gusto. Mr. Hughes seems a type of the frank, practical, self-sufficient, aggressive Yankee with high ideals, perfectly sure that ours is the best civilization worth having and that, anyway, we are now so powerful as to make any other nation feel the need of asking us for anything it wants. And yet, as I looked at the delegates' faces, I felt that only one Power really understood and liked the Hughes vigor and positiveness—the British Empire. An Englishman hardly respects you until you knock him on the head. But how about the sensitive Continentals and Orientals?

I wonder if it is customary for Mr. Hughes to sit perfectly still while he is absorbed in some straightforward statement, but when he hears something that gives rise to questioning to hitch about impatiently. At least he did so during Baron Shidehara's speech Saturday after all the remaining treaties, resolutions, and declarations had been approved. However humiliated the Secretary may have felt when told that "no one stands in the way of China working out her own great national destiny," he was visibly nettled at being checked in Siberia. Others besides myself wonder whether the Japanese here had the silent support of the British. Hughes's tone was distinctly minatory and his voice staccato-sharp as, turning to the Japanese delegates, he read the closing words of the American declaration concerning Siberia.

However, as the President said, in this Conference majorities could not decide: "there were no victors to command, no vanquished to yield." If all the seeds of future conflict have not been wholly eradicated, at least during these twelve weeks, whose labors were concluded on Saturday and confirmed by signature to-day, "no seed of conflict has been sown."

Washington, D. C., February 6, 1922.

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ARMS AND THE MAN

A POLL OF THE PRESS ON THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE

THE Arms Conference at Washington, which was concluded last week, was called by our Government to consider armament limitation and the solution of Far Eastern problems. As the Colorado Springs "Gazette" (Rep.) remarks: "There can be no hope for peace or stability until the tax burden resulting from heavy armaments has been reduced," and "such a reduction is possible only if troublesome international problems are solved by common consent."

The Conference lasted twelve weeks. Its delegates came from the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, China, Belgium, Holland, and Portugal. "Never did mortal men," asserts the Houston, Texas, "Chronicle" (Ind.) "gather to confer on the interests of nations upon whom rested greater or more solemn responsibilities."

The admirable facilities given to the press in reporting the deliberations caused many critics to say with the Sacramento, California, "Union" (Ind.) that such publicity must be given "to all future international negotiations."

The main accomplishments of the Conference were:

(1) *Checking naval competition by limiting capital ships, auxiliaries, and aircraft.* The way to measure the importance of this, affirms the New York "World" (Dem.), is to think of what would have happened had there been no Washington Conference:

> We should have gone ahead with a programme for the greatest navy in the world. Japan would have gone ahead with her programme to prevent us from building too far ahead of her. Great Britain would have had to increase her naval programme to prevent Japan and America from outdistancing her. Then about 1924 or so we should have had to make a new programme to keep Japan and Great Britain from catching up to us. And they would have had to have more programmes in order to catch up with us. . . . In order to make people pay the taxes, people in each country would have had to be kept in a state of palpitating excitement about the sinister plots, the hidden spies, and the tremendous ambitions of the other two nations. . . . The end of all that distrust and all that taxation would have been war and bankruptcy and unspeakable devastation.

The Baltimore "News" (Ind.) finds in the list of battleships to be destroyed or never to be built "a material saving of importance, as a sign of an immaterial saving of incalculable value." And the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" (Rep.) concludes: "We think it safe to say that the American Government has astonished the world." To the objections raised by certain critics, that "we cannot afford to throw millions out of the window merely to strut as altruists, the Providence "Journal" (Ind.) replied: "The sacrifice will be more apparent than real. The relative naval strength of the Powers is to remain practically as it is."

(2) *Making possible a ten-year naval "holiday."* This proposal was closely bound to the foregoing and, like it, elicited preponderant approval, the Grafton, West Virginia, "Sentinel" (Rep.), for example, declaring: "The American proposal for a naval holiday . . . burst like a bomb-shell and reverberated around the world. The drama of surprise was complete. Yet why so much surprise? The way to limit armament is to limit armament. The way to do it is to do, not merely to talk."

(3) *Affirming rules of submarine warfare.* This brought forth protests that the affirmations were but "pious ejaculations which in any war would fail of effectiveness." On the other hand, papers like the Washington "Star" (Ind.) appealed to the increasing might of public opinion, quoting Elihu Root as declaring the massed opinion of humanity to be a power that can punish, that can, indeed, ruin a nation:

> Mr. Root maintained that the agreement is based upon the fundamental ideas of humanity and right conduct upon which the public opinion of the world has reached decisive judgment, and this constitutes, he held, the greatest power known to human history. This power, he asserted, dominated the outcome of the World War, determined the conflict. Those cynics who have held that the submarine rules will fail in the stress of conflict Mr. Root characterized as near-sighted, with these decisive facts beyond their vision.

(4) *Prohibiting the use of poison gas.* Here, opines the New York "Globe," the Conference was "on debatable ground, since poison gas is not more cruel than many other instruments of warfare which are not condemned. It is not more cruel, for example, than shrapnel. It is not more cruel, though it is more effective, than the bayonet. But no one would wish the resolution withdrawn."

(5) *Calling another conference to rewrite international law on the conduct of war.* This seemed to meet with universal approval.

(6) *Terminating the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and providing for a "round-table" settlement of any possible Pacific questions by the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and France.* However desirable the first, Mr. Simonds, the well-known writer, whose articles appear in a number of papers, says of the second: "Had the agreement covering the region of the Pacific been open to all parties having Pacific interests . . . the situation would have been far different. But, under the Four-Power Treaty, we are entering into special relations with one party to a war. . . . The fact that we are bound by an agreement, however simple, to Japan and have no such agreement with Russia and China gives Japan the chance to exploit this agreement as she did the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. . . . Japanese policy makes war almost inescapable in the Far East." On the other hand, the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) asserts that "one region of the globe has now been delivered from the menace of a major war."

(7) *Renouncing the right to fortify certain Pacific islands.* Mr. Simonds deems this "humiliating." But most critics think that the renunciation has been distributed equitably among the Pacific Powers.

(8) *Obtaining publicity for all commitments concerning China.* The Washington "Times" (Ind.) bluntly reflects the general opinion in saying that "Japan has been forced to disgorge some of the things she has grabbed in the Far East . . . and has pledged herself . . . to 'play fair' and grab no more."

(9) *Guaranteeing equal opportunity in and for China.* The general opinion seems cynical. As reflected by the New York "Journal of Commerce" (Ind.) it is that "what has been done in China by foreign nations, however wrong and unfair, . . . is not likely to be removed merely through some treaty or agreement."

(10) *Obtaining Japan's surrender of the Chinese province of Shantung.* Until almost the close of the Conference, when the Powers brought about the surrender, the prevailing opinion seemed to be that Japan would maintain some sort of proprietary right in Shantung. Josephus Daniels, writing in the Washington "Times" (Ind.), queried: "Is it any better for Washington to let Shantung be exploited now than for Mr. Wilson to yield to his associates, paying the price for Japan's approval of the League of Nations?" But Washington has not let Shantung be exploited and its return is one of the outstanding accomplishments of the Conference. Arms are all very well. But here was the man, Hughes.

(11) *Obtaining the return by Great Britain to China of Weihaiwei, a part of Shantung.*

(12) *Creating a Board of Reference in China for the settlement of disputes.*

(13) *Revising the Chinese tariff so as practically to double the present maritime customs revenue.*

(14) *Withdrawing foreign post offices from China and considering the withdrawal of some foreign troops, but requesting China to reduce the number of her own.*

(15) *Establishing a commission to consider extraterritoriality in China.*

(16) *Regulating Chinese radio facilities.*

(17) *Unifying and reforming the Chinese railway systems.* However favor-

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able the comment on the other proposed reforms, the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) protests that, as to the famous Chinese Eastern Railway in particular, the outcome of the labors at the Conference is "very much of a nullity."

(18) *Obtaining from Japan a modification of the Twenty-one Demands upon China in general and Manchuria in particular.* Here again the "Times" notes:

> The Japanese Government had already agreed not to proceed with certain groups among the famous Twenty-one Demands upon China in 1915, and now officially confirms that undertaking. It also announces that it will not insist upon its "preferential right" to the engagement by China of "Japanese advisers or instructors on political, financial, military, or police matters in South Manchuria." This is so much to the good. But it has to be admitted that from the main positions which Japan has all along been defending she does not retreat an inch. She will not even permit a discussion of the cancellation of her treaties with China. To her right and title to the Liaotung Peninsula she will admit no challenge.

(19) *Obtaining a vague promise from Japan as to withdrawal from Siberia.* Here we meet with the sharpest adverse criticism.

Japan assured the Conference that her occupation of Siberia would come to an end as soon as a satisfactory solution is arranged "with an orderly Russian Government." But "it is idle to talk of any people establishing a strong, stable government while a foreign army occupies their territory," protests the Waterbury, Connecticut, "American" (Rep.); and the Louisville "Post" (Dem.) calls attention to the fact that "Japan is to be the judge" of an "orderly" condition in Russia. The Utica "Press," however, and some other papers either sustain Japan's contention or point out that the Conference "had" to agree to a compromise.

Not yet can the Conference be judged in terms of positive accomplishments. As many papers, notably the New York "Journal of Commerce" (Ind.), point out, no nation has had the opportunity of presenting any of the agreements to its legislative body. Nor can these treaties among the Powers be regarded as successful unless approved by all.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Co-operation. The nine nations were as nine men. One of them could have blocked the Conference. But, as the Washington "Post" (Rep.) declares:

> The outcome is success instead of disappointment. The world has moved forward a distinct step, not merely in the limitation of armament, but in the knowledge that a conference of nations can be held and agreements reached by the voluntary co-operation of sovereign wills.

THE NEW POPE

ACHILLE RATTI is the new Pope. He has taken the name of Pius XI. The Conclave which elected him was one of the most interesting on record. Fifty-three Cardinals—all who could get to Rome—met in the part of the Vatican which had been especially walled off from the rest of the palace for their use. Then there began a struggle between the reactionary and the liberal Cardinals.

The reactionaries were headed by Merry del Val, a Spaniard, who had been Secretary of State under Pius X. He and those like him were bent on continuing the chasm between the Holy See and the Italian Government; they persist in maintaining the supposedly valuable doctrine that his Holiness is "the prisoner of the Vatican."

The progressives among the Cardinals have inclined increasingly toward Cavour's "a free Church in a free State." They have been headed by Cardinal Gasparri, the late Pope's Secretary of State. To Gasparri much of Benedict XV's great accomplishment in quietly increasing the *rapprochement*, or coming together, between the Vatican and the Italian Government, is due. This was abhorrent to the reactionaries. In their estimation, Gasparri's latest and most alarming blunder was his notification to Signor Bonomi, the Italian Prime Minister, that the Pope was dead. This and other acts, they contend, have placed the Vatican in a false position, inducing the belief that the *rapprochement* is far more advanced than it actually is.

There were some twenty-nine Cardinals in this intransigeant or ultramontane party. Cardinals Merry del Val and Gasparri had little hope of being successful candidates themselves; therefore they chose candidates who, while not quite as extreme conservatives or liberals as they are, might win the necessary number of votes. As The Outlook last week indicated might be the case, the Gasparri party supported Cardinal Ratti, the intellectual Archbishop of Milan. He stands high in the estimation of the Italian Government. But the Government officially announced that it would bring no influence to bear in the matter.

Another reason why the Conclave was interesting was because of the suspicion that a non-Italian might possibly be elected. There is no canonical reason why a Cardinal of any particular nationality should be chosen. The last non-Italian Pope was the Belgian Archbishop of Liège, born in Holland; he became Adrian VI (1522). There were two opposing parties among those who would like to see a non-Italian chosen; first, the conservatives, who would acclaim Merry del Val as Pontiff, and, second, the liberals, who would acclaim Cardinal Mercier, a Belgian, as such. On the other hand, however, the preponderance of opinion has been that an Italian should be chosen. The tradition of four centuries in this respect is strengthened by the conviction among supporters of the Italian Government that, both Pope and King being Italians, union between the Vatican and the Government would more surely come into being.

This, we believe, is not unlikely to come about under the new Pontiff. Fortunately, we have first-hand testimony as to him from Signor Albertini, one of the Italian delegates at the recent Arms Conference in Washington and the editor and publisher of the liberal "Corriere della Sera," the most widely read newspaper in Italy. As a fellow-townsman and admirer of the Milanese Archbishop, Signor Albertini knows him well and describes him as a man of commanding intellect and religious zeal; of wide experience in parochial, seminary, and library work; of recent experience in foreign countries; and of a singularly intimate knowledge of industrial problems, which, as is well known, have been focused in Milan, with its great industrial population, more than elsewhere in Italy. From Signor Albertini's opinion, our conclusion is that, more than ever before, the people of Italy will be able to say, as do all Roman Catholics, "*Habemus pontificem.*"

The outstanding results of the Conclave are the defeat of the reactionaries and the election of one who will continue the *rapprochement* between Church and State begun by Benedict XV and his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri.

Two proofs of this, we are glad to say, are already at hand. The first was the new Pontiff's benediction *orbi et urbi* to the city and the world. Not since 1870—that is to say, not during the "prisoner of the Vatican" régime—has a newly elected Pope appeared on the balcony of St. Peter's. This tradition has been broken by Pius XI, and not the least significant fact was that the Italian troops below presented arms. The reactionary Cardinals had tried to persuade the Pope not to appear. He listened to their arguments for a few moments and then remarked: "Remember, I am no longer a Cardinal but the Supreme Pontiff."

Another evidence of the new Pope's liberalism was his immediate choice of Gasparri as Secretary of State. The choice itself was significant enough, but was made the more emphatic by the fact that never before has a newly elected

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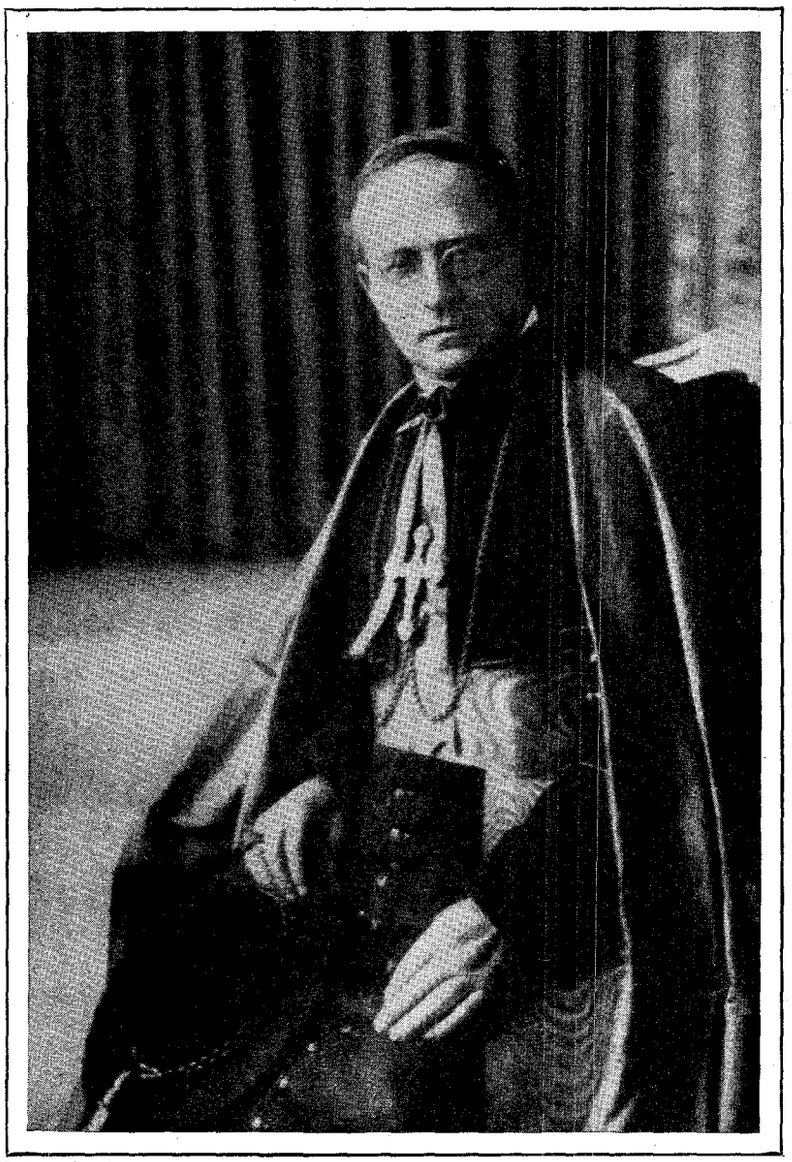

International

POPE PIUS XI

Pontiff chosen his Secretary of State immediately after election.

Achille Ratti was born at Desio, not far from Milan, nearly sixty-five years ago. His father, Francesco Ratti, the director of a silk factory, was not a rich man, but fairly well-to-do, and gave all his children a good education. A lad of deep piety, Achille studied for the priesthood.

Nature gave him large physical, mental, and spiritual size. Born within sight of his beloved Alps, he found a natural and favorite exercise in mountaineering. Indeed, he became known throughout Europe as a famous mountain climber. He climbed always without a guide and often found himself alone, having outdistanced his fellows. He can boast of having celebrated mass at a greater altitude than has any other priest.. Among his books is a comprehensive account of mountaineering and Alpine adventure.

His scholarly tastes led him in the direction of teaching, and he taught in the seminary at Milan. Later he was placed in charge of the Ambrosian archives and library there. His successful supervision caused him to be summoned to take charge of the Vatican Library. When he left Milan for Rome, one of his old friends prophesied: "You are going away with a black hat. You will return with a red hat. In time you will reach the white hat."

Dr. Ratti had accepted the Vatican appointment on condition that he might be permitted to return to the north every alternate month to visit his aged mother. Later Benedict XV was heard to remark that Monsignor Ratti had done more remarkable work in his alternative months of library labor than his predecessors had done in continuous service.

Monsignor Ratti remained at the Vatican until assigned to Poland (1918) as Visitor Apostolic, and later Nuncio. At that time Poland was torn with the estrangements from religion brought about by Communistic propaganda, emanating from Bolshevist Russia. It was the Nuncio's task to counteract the spread of this radicalism, dangerous alike to the State and the Church. He succeeded. He cemented his influence by remaining quietly at his post in Warsaw when the other diplomats were leaving, and also by his efforts on behalf of the destitute Polish children orphaned by the war. When he was called back to Milan as Archbishop nearly a year ago, he had changed Polish political and moral decline to Polish patriotic fervor; he had changed spiritual decline to the kind of spiritual mountaineering which his physical mountaineering taught him how to apply.

His services won for him the Cardinal's red hat last June at the so-called "Sacred College" of Cardinals, presided over by Benedict XV.

As did Pius X, so Pius XI will bring to the Papacy the vigor of one born on the slopes of the Alps. But Pius XI is not a peasant, as was Pius X; nor is he a noble, as was Benedict XV. He comes from the middle class. Like Benedict, he was elected to the Papacy at an earlier age than the average, and, also like Benedict, he had been a Cardinal but a few months before becoming Supreme Pontiff. But, unlike Benedict, the new Pope has not spent most of his ecclesiastical career in the diplomatic services of the Vatican. While for many years Benedict had the advantage of working under Leo XIII's great Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, Cardinal Ratti's only diplomatic mission was his service in Poland.

As soon as the two-thirds vote for Cardinal Ratti had been verified, Cardinal Vanutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, approached Cardinal Ratti and asked him, in accordance with custom, if he accepted the election. The new Pope answered: "Since it is the will of God, I must obey." Then the canopies over the Cardinals were lifted down one by one until only that over the new Pontiff remained. This was done to show that the whole Conclave rendered obeisance to the new head of the Church. Cardinal Vanutelli then asked Cardinal Ratti what pontifical name he chose, and the reply was, "Pius XI." Cardinal Ratti was then escorted to the robing-room, where he discarded his vestments and put on the Papal robes. The new Pope returned to the Sistine Chapel, where the Cardinals, according to their rank, kissed his feet and hands, after which the Pope received them in embrace and bestowed upon them his first apostolic benediction. But the wider benediction was to follow.

The new Pontiff will not be a Cardinal's Pope, though the Cardinals elected him. He will, instead, be, we believe, a true Holy Father to all Roman Catholics—and, it may be, if not a father at least a religious influence to some who are not!

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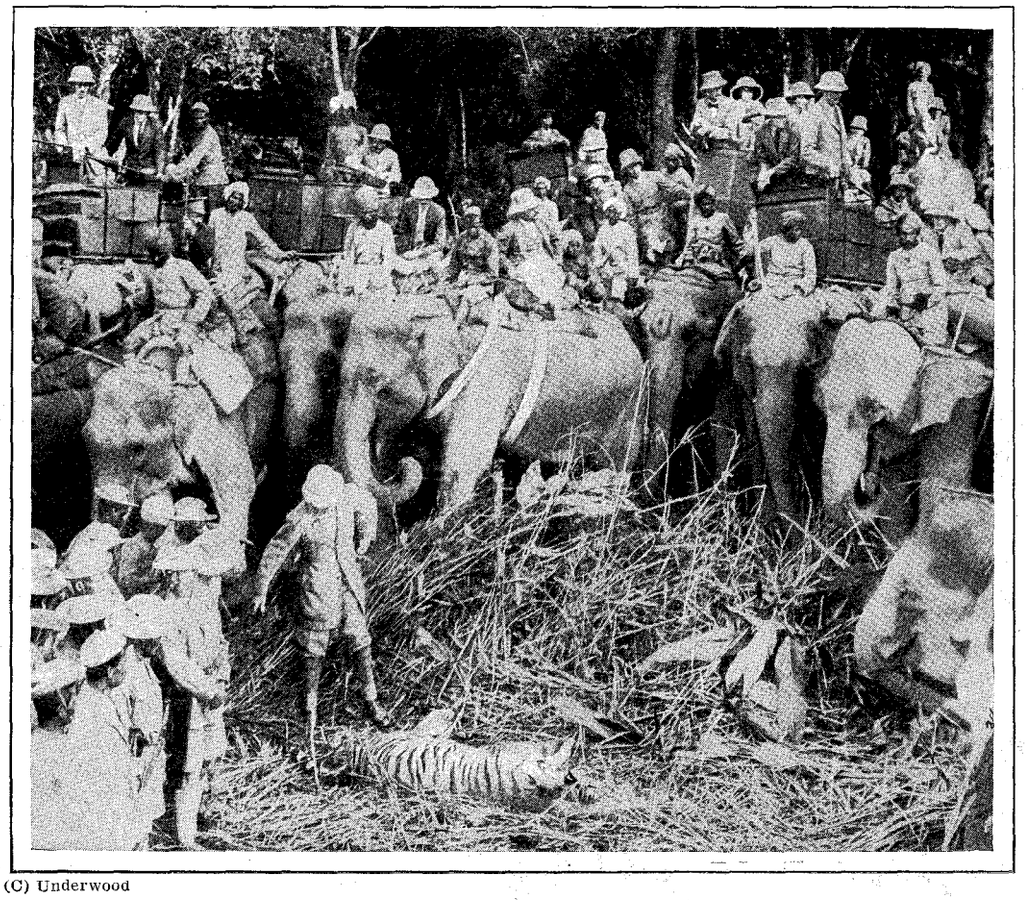
IN THE TROPICS FOR PLEASURE AND DUTY



(C) Underwood

THE PRINCE OF WALES BAGS A TIGER IN THE JUNGLE IN NEPAL, INDIA

The Prince's hunting party has succeeded in laying low a huge tiger in his native haunts. The Prince himself is on an elephant at the extreme right of the picture

Kadel & Herbert

GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD MAKING A TOUR OF INSPECTION IN A SMALL TOWN IN THE PHILIPPINES

General Wood, it is reported, is investigating conditions not only in the cities but in the smaller towns and villages of the Philippine Islands, in preparation for a report to President Harding

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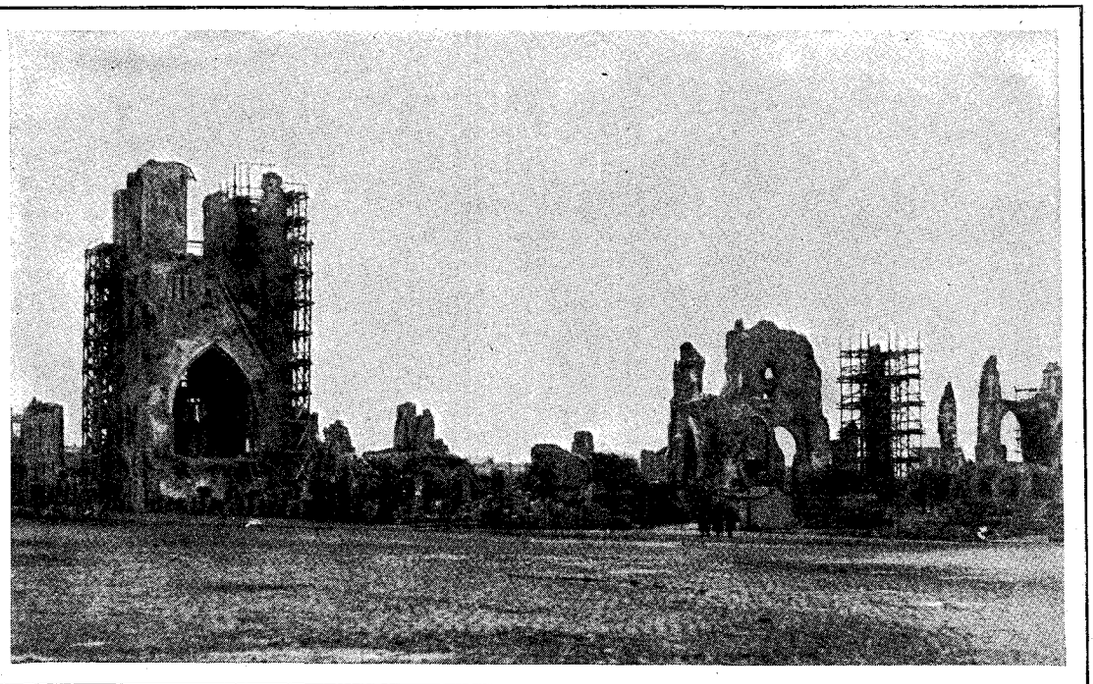
RESTORATION: POLITICAL AND ARCHITECTURAL

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE IRISH INTO DUBLIN

The automobile carries Michael Collins and other leaders of the Irish Free State, as they enter the yard of the historic Dublin Castle, on January 16, on which date Lord Fitzalan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, formally turned over the Government to them

P & A Photos



International

REBUILDING YPRES

Here we see the ruins of the historic Cloth Hall at Ypres, destroyed by the Germans early during the war. The actual work of rebuilding, as indicated by the scaffolding, has begun, and the Cloth Hall will be restored so far as possible. On the ruins a placard reads: "Notice. This is holy ground. No stone of this fabric may be taken away. It is a heritage for all civilized peoples. By order, Town Mayor." The fact that the sign is in the English language may have some significance in its relation to American and English tourists

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THE TAIL OF THE ARMY CALLS ON LINCOLN[1]

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF A QUAKER SERGEANT—WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

FOR many decades Holicong—once Greenville—Pennsylvania, has kept its quiet pace as a typical Bucks County crossroads settlement. There, about the middle of the last century, dwelt John W. Gilbert, justice of the peace, tanner, and variously important citizen. And there, in the late '50s, came from the near-by village of Mechanicsville "Jim" Stradling, writer of the long-hid letter herewith first published, and of which Lord Charnwood, Lincoln's latest biographer, recently said:

"It is one of the most convincing and illuminating reminiscences of Lincoln that I have yet seen. The impression given of his sadness and the fact that he never smiled throughout that interview heighten for me, though of course I knew it before, one aspect of his complex character—complex, as the characters that ordinary people love greatly generally are."

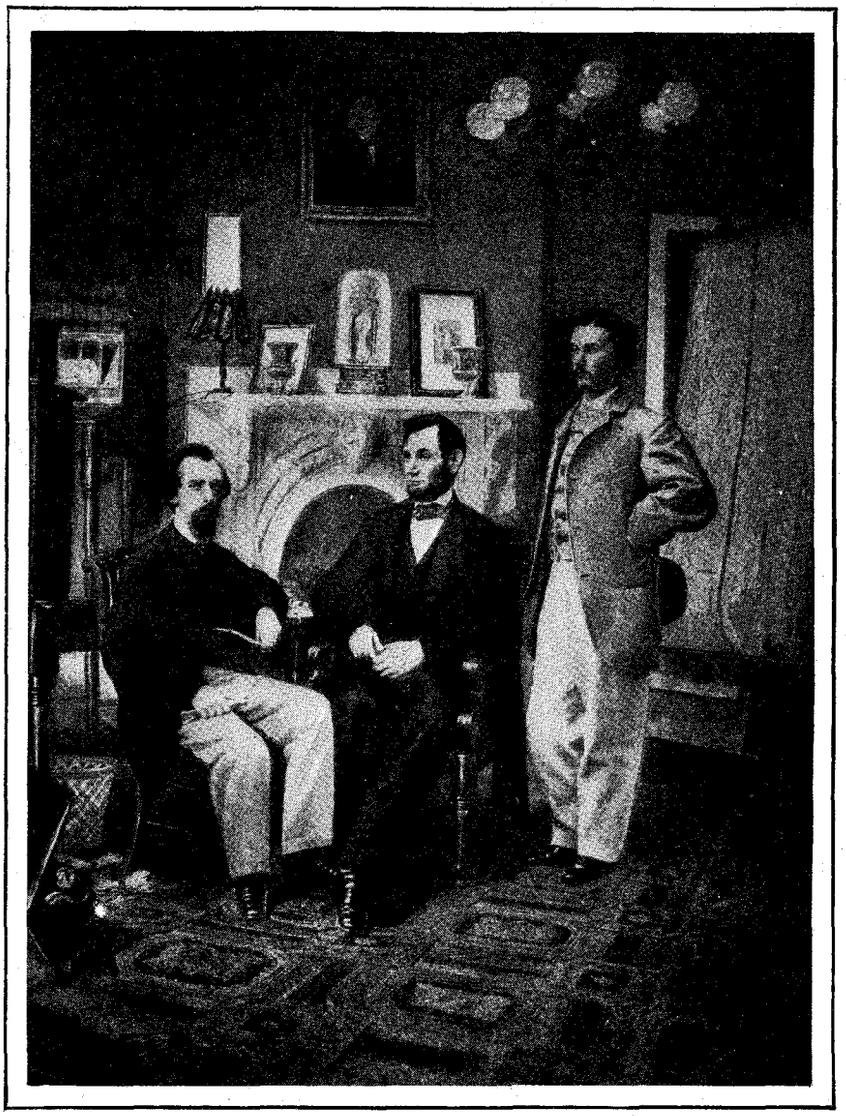
Young Stradling lived with the Gilbert family while serving a sort of apprenticeship in the tannery. Then came the war, and at nineteen he enlisted in a New Jersey cavalry regiment recruited around Lambertville, just across the Delaware from the rich-grown slopes of Bucks.

Of his career the main facts were his marriage with a volunteer army nurse, teaching in a Southern school, long residence in Philadelphia, where he was connected with a publishing house, and subsequent removal to Beverley, New Jersey, where he died some five years ago.

Meantime this letter which pleased its recipients was pushed into a pigeonhole to yellow with the years, but happily to escape the fate of much similar testimony concerning other momentous men and times. Mr. Gilbert later gave it to his daughter, Mrs. John H. Ely, who still has it.

As a historical portrait it speaks for itself, marking its author for one day, at least, a great reporter. If anything could deepen its impression, it would be remembrance that the winter of 1863 shadowed the forces and friends of the Union with a weight of gloom which only a Gettysburg could dispel.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY (LEFT) AND JOHN HAY (RIGHT)

Camp Bayard, Virginia,
March 6th, 1863.

Mr. John W. Gilbert,
Greenville, Pa.

My dear friend John:

I arrived safely in camp yesterday afternoon and found Captain Boyd and the boys all well. The captain was so glad to see me that he sent me in charge of a squad of men out on picket that night on the Rappahannock River. On returning from my furlough I had a number of quite exciting experiences, which I will relate as best I can.

On leaving thy beautiful home, which had been an exceedingly happy one to me for nearly three years, I took the stage for Lambertville, New Jersey, where I soon boarded a train for Trenton, and another one at Philadelphia for Washington. At Baltimore we had quite a time getting through the city, for we were pulled through it by a team of mules, and it was quite slow work. The driver of the mules used some queer language which I suppose the mules understood, for whenever he used that language and cracked his long whip the mules just did their best towards pulling. It was slow work, but we landed in due time on the other side of Baltimore.

I arrived in Washington about nine-thirty the next morning, and at once hunted up a restaurant, for I felt quite empty. There is one thing, John, that thee may be sure was left out of that meal, and that was "hardtack"! For one meal they were left off the bill of fare. After finishing my breakfast, I walked down to the river, where I found a river steamer which was being loaded and which was going to the front that night. I presented my furlough to the captain and told him I should be pleased to go with him to Acquia Creek that night. To my great astonishment he refused to take me on board. I said to him that my furlough expired the next day and I was anxious to get to the front.

I told him that if I remained over, the Provost Guard might pick me up and hustle me off with a lot of real deserters to the front, but I did not want to go that way. My pleading with him, how-

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ever, had no effect, so I walked up to the Capitol, and walked through it and came out and walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, towards the "White House." I was thinking hard all the time and wondering what I was going to do.

While trudging down the Avenue a sudden thought—why not see the President—flashed into my mind, and I started for the "White House." I supposed that all I would have to do would be to go down to the "White House," knock on the front door, and if the President was not in, Mrs. Lincoln could tell me where he was and probably invite me in to wait until he returned. (I know, John, that thee and Letitia and the girls will laugh your heads off when you read this, and then you will exclaim—we did not think Jim was that green.)

When I reached the front door of the "White House" I found two or three policemen on guard, who said to me, "Well, Country, what do you want?" I told them I wanted to see the President, when they showed me into a very large room which was full of people. Of course I was very much bewildered and did not know which way to turn.

I finally picked up courage to ask a gentleman near to me if these people had assembled to hear the President make a speech. He replied with a twinkle in his eye, after he had sized me up, that "the people were assembled to see the President, but that he was not going to make a speech, but that every one would have to wait their turn to be called into his room for a personal interview." After thanking him, I looked around the large room to see if I could see any one I knew. Presently I saw General Hooker, standing over on one side of the room, near a side door. At that moment a guard opened the door and General Hooker passed in. I asked one of the guards where people landed when they passed through that side door. His reply was, "Why, greeny, that goes to the President's room."

As soon as I could I edged my way around to that door and told the guard that I was a soldier in distress, and asked him if he could help me. I told him I had been home on a furlough and —"You want to get it extended I suppose. I do not believe the President will do that."

"I want to get to the front to-night." I told him there was a steamer going down to-night, but the captain of the steamer had refused me passage. "O," he said, "that is an Indian of another skin." I asked him what he meant by that, when he said, "It is a horse of another color." He looked at me and said, "You are very green, aren't you?" I acknowledged that I was just slightly like a green apple, but I told him I could learn, and in fact I had learned a whole lot since ten o'clock this morning. I said to him that if I could get a chance to put my case before the President, and get him to thoroughly understand that I was endeavoring to get to and not from the front, that he would assist me. When he had heard me through he said "D——m all steamboat captains." Probably he had run up against a steamboat captain some time in his career, too.

He took my furlough and, calling another guard to watch the door, disappeared. He was gone for a long, long time. While I was waiting a very nicely dressed gentleman came to the guard, and showing him his card, he was passed in. I asked the guard who that was that could go in by simply showing his card. He replied, "That was United States Senator Ben Wade of Ohio."

While still waiting, another fine-looking old gentleman and a lady came up and handed the guard a letter, which he at once sent in to the President. The lady's eyes were very red, and soon she commenced to weep again, and I heard her remark to her escort, "I must see the President to-day, or my son will be shot to-morrow."

Of course I was very anxious to learn who they were and what was the trouble with her son, and was about to ask the guard when the other guard, the one who had my papers, appeared and said, "Follow me." I followed him into a small room where there was a gentleman sitting, and my guard addressed him as Mr. Hay. He said, "Please be seated, the President will see you very soon."

While waiting there, Mr. Hay was passing in and out all the time, but he found time to tell me that he had given my furlough to the President, with the statement that I was endeavoring to get to the front, while most of them were trying their best to get away from the front. I told Mr. Hay that the fact that the President was warmly inclined towards those soldiers who remained in the army and at the front had trickled down through the army. For that reason I had no fear about making an effort to see him. While sitting there waiting I began to realize where I was and what I would have to go through, and what I would have to say to the President. I became, as thee used to say, John, weak in the knees and warm under the collar.

I did not have long to wait, however, for in a few minutes Mr. Hay came in and said, "The President will see you." I followed him into the President's room, when he announced, "Sergeant Stradling," and passed out. As I came abreast of the people in the room, there sat Ben Wade and two other gentlemen I did not recognize, and General Hooker was standing up and saying good-by to the President.

As I approached, the President hesitated a moment and asked me to take a seat, when he went on and said good-by to General Hooker, and said, "General, we shall expect to have some good news from you very soon." I saluted the general, which he returned and then passed out.

In my efforts to acknowledge the President's invitation to take a seat I had finally blurted out that I would rather stand. The President then arose, and I did not think he would ever stop going up. He was the tallest man, John, I think I ever saw. He then turned around to me and extended a hand which was fully three times as large as mine, and said, "What can I do for you, my young friend?"

He had a grip on him like a vise, and I felt that my whole hand would be crushed. I had a small fit of coughing, during which time I regained my composure. Then I told him my case briefly as I could. He then signed my furlough, on which Mr. Hay had written across the face of it: "To any steamboat captain going to the front, please give bearer transportation," and handed it to me and said, "If I have any influence with the steamboat captains, I think that will take you to the front."

I thanked him and was taking my leave, when he said to Senator Wade, "Senator, we have had the head of the Army here a few minutes ago, and learned from him all he cared to tell. Now we have here the tail of the Army, so let us get from him how the rank and file feel about matters. I mean no reflection on you, Sergeant, when I say the tail of the Army."

I said I understood him and knew what he was driving at. He said a great many men had deserted in the last few months, and he was endeavoring to learn the cause. He said there must be some good reason for it. Either the Army was opposed to him, to their Generals or the Emancipation Proclamation, and he was very desirous of learning from the rank and file about the conditions in the Army. "None of the Generals desert or resign, and we could spare a number of them better than we can spare so many privates."

Turning around to me, he asked if I could enlighten him on any of these points. In the meantime I had become perfectly cool, perfectly composed. The weakness had disappeared from my knees and the heat from under my collar. I braced myself to tell him things which I knew would not be pleasing to him. I however determined to tell him frankly and truthfully all I knew about the feeling in the Army, as far as I knew it.

First I said, "Mr. President, so far as I know, the Army has the utmost confidence in your honesty and ability to manage this war. So far as I can learn, the army had no faith in the ability of General Burnside. In fact it had but very little faith in him, and no respect for his ability. He appeared to us as a general who had no military genius whatever, and fought his battles like some people play the fiddle, by main strength and awkwardness. Not the most approved way of fighting a battle, surely."

The President asked me if I was in the battle of Fredericksburg. I replied

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in the affirmative. "Did you see much of the battle?" I replied that when the fog lifted we could see nearly the whole line. I explained to him that the battle-ground consisted of a long and level plane and was what they call in Virginia "bottom land." The rebels were entrenched on a number of low hills skirting this plane on the south while at the foot of Mary's heights was a sunken road. Their batteries and more infantry were entrenched on the heights proper, while the sunken road was full of infantry and sharpshooters. This was the position against which General Burnside launched General Hooker's corps, the flower of the army. "You know too well the result, for I can observe the great gloom which still hangs around you on account of that battle."

Senator Wade then asked me if I thought there was any excuse for such a blunder. I replied that if it was agreeable, I would give my views about the matter. The President spoke up and said, "This is very interesting to me, so please go ahead."

I said the country was an open one. There were no mountains or large rivers to cross, but both flanks of the rebel army were susceptible of being turned, and Lee flanked out of his strong position. Even we privates wondered why such an attack was made. General Burnside must have known of the sunken road, for we of the cavalry had been over this road with General Bayard in 1862, and he must have informed General Burnside all about it. If General Burnside had possessed any military genius, he would have flanked Lee out of that strong position, and fought him where he could have had at least an equal chance.

All of those present listened very attentively, when the President said, "What you have stated, Sergeant, seems very plausible to me. When General Hooker left us but a few minutes ago he said, 'Mr. President, I have the finest army that was ever assembled together, and I hope to send you good news very soon.' That is just the language General Burnside used when he left me shortly before the battle of Fredericksburg. And such a disaster that followed still makes my heart sick." (I wonder if the President has visions of future disasters to follow.)

I said, "Mr. President, even privates when on the ground cannot help seeing and wondering why certain movements are made. I refer to the charges of General Hooker on our right. Our duty, however, is not to criticise, but to obey even if we get our heads knocked off. I have found that soldiers are willing to obey without hesitation and take the chances when they feel that their show is equal to that of the enemy."

The President said, "You have said nothing about how the soldiers feel towards the Emancipation Proclamation."

I replied, "Mr. President, I approach the Emancipation Proclamation with great reluctance, for I know how your heart was set on issuing that document. So far as I am personally concerned, I heartily approve of it. But many of my comrades said that if they had known the war would free the 'niggers' they would never have enlisted, so many of them deserted. Others said they would not desert, but would not fight any more, and sought positions in the wagon train; the Ambulance Corps; the Quartermaster's Department, and other places, to get out of fighting. In fact, the 'nigger in the woodpile' is an old saying, but a very true one in this instance.

"I was born a Quaker, and was therefore an anti-slavery young man when I entered the army. When I was a boy I attended from two to three debating societies a week, and the slavery question was always under debate in one form or another. I had heard the question debated and helped debate it for two to three years before I entered the army, and was therefore a full-blooded abolitionist, and welcomed the proclamation with open arms. The issuing of the proclamation caused many to desert, no doubt, and the presence of General Burnside at the head of the army caused many others to leave the army."

I suppose the President and Senator Wade and the other two gentlemen wondered what they had before them, but, John, I had been invited to the feast and had my say.

The President sat still a moment or two, when he said, "Sergeant, I am very glad indeed to have had your views. I am glad to know how many of your comrades feel about slavery, and I am exceedingly glad you have mentioned the Emancipation Proclamation, for I shall take this opportunity to make a few remarks which I desire you to convey to your comrades.

"The proclamation was, as you state, very near to my heart. I thought about it and studied it in all its phases long before I began to put it on paper. I expected many soldiers would desert when the proclamation was issued, and I expected many who care nothing for the colored man would seize upon the proclamation as an excuse for deserting. I did not believe the number of deserters would materially affect the army. On the other hand, the issuing of the proclamation would probably bring into the ranks many who otherwise would not volunteer.

"After I had made up my mind to issue it, I commenced to put my thoughts on paper, and it took me many days before I succeeded in getting it into shape so that it suited me. Please explain to your comrades that the proclamation was issued for two reasons. The first and chief reason was this, I felt a great impulse moving me to do justice to five or six millions of people. The second reason was that I believed it would be a club in our hands with which we could whack the rebels. In other words, it would shorten the war. I believed that under the Constitution I had a right to issue the proclamation as a 'Military Necessity.' I have faith that it will shorten the war by many months. How does the rank and file view General Hooker?"

I replied that General Hooker was a hard fighter. "The boys have great respect for him, as well as great faith in his ability."

The President then extended his hand and said, "I thank you very much, and I trust you will reach the front in the morning."

When I came out I endeavored to see Mr. Hay, but he had gone. The door guard was still on duty and I slipped up to him and said, "You need not call me 'greeny' any more, for I have learned more to-day than many people learn in fifty years."

I then thanked him for his assistance, and left the White House. I started for a lunch counter, for thee may believe I was hungry. After filling up on good things, in which "hardtack" had no share, I walked rapidly to the boat. I showed the captain my furlough with the President's name on it. He gazed at it a moment when he said, "Git aboard."

About the time I had reached the deck General Hooker climbed aboard too. He took the captain's cabin, while I took to a pile of bags filled with oats. I pulled the bags around and made quite a nice bed, where I slept all night and landed at Acquia Creek next morning and reached the regiment in the afternoon. What a lot of unexpected experience I had met with! I am no longer a "greeny" now. At least I do not believe I am.

Mr. Lincoln was a very sad, woe-begone, gloomy-looking man. He did not smile, and his face did not lighten up once while I was in his presence. John, I was awful glad to get out, and when I did get away I felt as though I had been to a funeral.

Senator Wade did smile once or twice, and so did the other two gentlemen who were present, but Lincoln did not even show the shadow of a smile. His long, sad and gloomy face haunted me for days afterward.

I give his exact words, as near as I can remember them. To have the President of the United States talk to me, and to be allowed to talk to him, was such an event in my life that I may be pardoned, I think, if I did feel "a little set up," as it were.

Now, John, I have written thee a long letter, much longer than I intended to write when I commenced, but there seemed to be things to say and I could not resist the temptation to say them. Please thank thy wife for the basket of "good things" which she put up for me before I started, and also say to my dear little Sarah, that her "Dim" reached the camp in safety. With very kindest regards I remain

Sincerely Thine

J. M. STRADLING.

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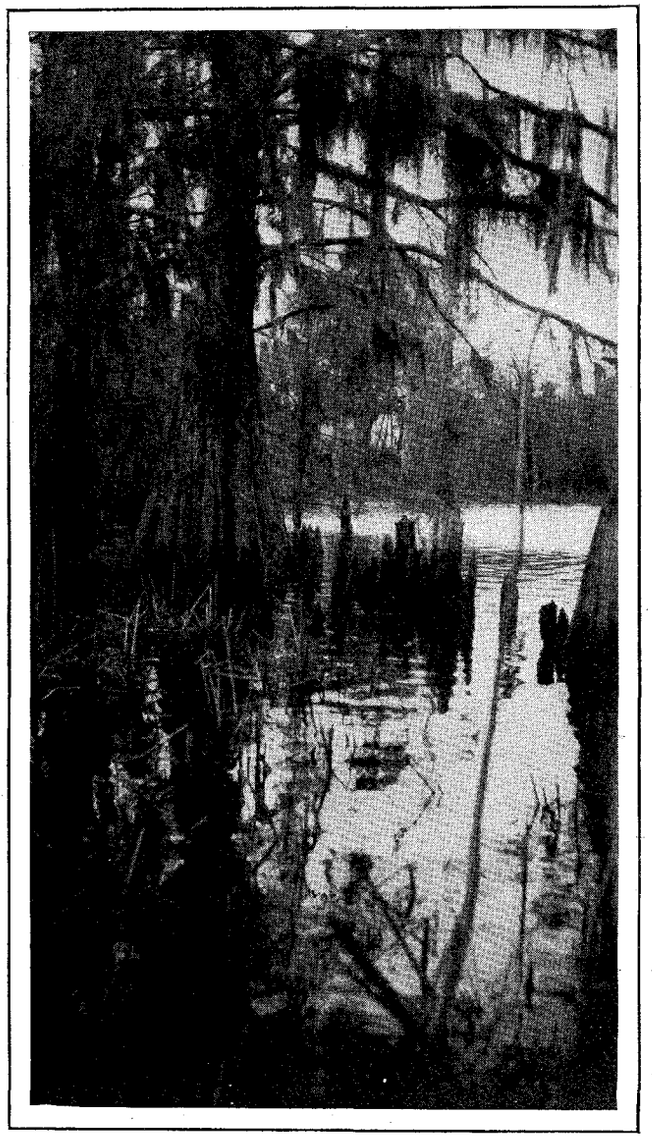
VENDETTAS OF THE SWAMP

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

AUTHOR OF "OLD PLANTATION DAYS," "PLANTATION GAME TRAILS," ETC.



THE HAUNT OF MOCCASIN, ALLIGATOR, AND WOOD-DUCK.

WHEN, at Richmond, night closed down on the world in general, and in particular on the long vestibuled train headed toward Florida, you had not seen the real South. You had marveled at the broadening, dream-like reaches of the lower Potomac; you had had the war vividly recalled as you sped through Quantico, with its quarters for the famous Marines; and thoughts of an earlier war had come to you as you saw the marker, near Chancellorsville, showing where Stonewall Jackson had died. Between that place and Richmond you had run through a country of much broom-sedge and scrub-pine thicket, of stunted oaks and dwarfed bushes—how different from the lovely Valley of the Shenandoah to the westward, and of the James to the east! At dusk you had rolled into Richmond, perhaps just a little disillusioned. Where, you wondered, was the South of romance? Had it vanished as completely as some other dreams vanish? Night had then closed down, and your rest had been disturbed, for at least two definite reasons: you were sleeping in perfect vertical alignment with the rear bumpers of the car, and your mind was haunted with the thought that the South of your dreams was a snare and a delusion.

Dim daybreak found you nearly four hundred miles south of Richmond. You had slept through North Carolina. Through northern South Carolina you had uneasily dreamed. Now you were nearing Charleston. You lay in your berth and looked out in pleasant drowsiness at the fleeting landscape; and you realized that you had come into a new land—that, after all, there was a romantic South. You saw the bowed and brown cotton-fields, into which flights of mourning doves and meadow-larks were even then flying. You saw the melancholy majesty of huge live-oaks. You saw Negro cabins, staggering in their effort to stand, from whose clay chimneys smoke was cheerfully curling. Afar, white against the purple wall of the noble pine forest, you saw a planter's lonely home. But most you were impressed when you entered a dark and dewy gorge of the densest greenery. Here in perpetual mournful beauty the gray-tressed cypresses stood; here giant swamp briers and muscadine vines rioted high among tall trees; here jasmines and smilax festooned with fairy canopies the taller bushes and the shorter trees. An almost impervious undergrowth afforded you only an occasional glimpse beyond the borders of the swamp—a darksome vista where gleamed gloomy waters and where shone afar warm, pale sunlight on gray moss banners and silvered bay leaves. You saw the green shimmer of a brake of dwarf canes, the tall brown skeletons of dead ferns of superb height, the long, level beds of gallberry bushes dipping into savannas carpeted with gay-colored moss. You were, indeed, passing through the northern end of the great Santee Swamp. And you saw glimpses of it from a train rushing at sunrise at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. Though you did not know it, I was then your neighbor; for near the southern end of the swamp I was born and have lived; and all my life I have roamed as a hunter-naturalist through the borders and confines of that swamp and through others like it. I should like to take you with me into the swamp itself. Particularly I should like you to observe with me some of the vendettas waged by wild life of this picturesque and little-known region.

PERHAPS more than any other one matter, this thing has been impressed upon me by my years of roaming and study in the swamps and pine-lands of the South: that the whole earth is a battleground for wild life, and that, even among the insects, on a contracted stage, war is a constant and apparently a necessary condition. Conflicts rage about us and above us and under our feet. Indeed, if mankind can really succeed in putting an end to wars we shall be subverting what appears to be one of nature's originally immutable laws. Though Matthew Arnold had no swamp in mind, his description of life as "full of confused alarms of struggle and flight" is admirably suited to my meaning. Here in the Santee Swamp there is observable one of the most startling contrasts imaginable; it is the contrast

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between the apparent peace of the dreamy woodland—its lustral silence, its lethal ease, its listless quiet, its haunting and ancient sense of rest—and the actual grim warfare which, under cover of all this curtain of beauty and apparent calm, is constantly and remorselessly waged. It is a land filled with timid fugitives and merciless crafty followers; but so furtive are both fleers and pursuers that only the most careful watching, the most guarded self-effacement, can yield a true disclosure of these age-old, strange, implacable, sinister feuds. The first I shall describe is that between the rattlesnake and the small mammalia.

In the swamp and pine-land country adjacent to the delta of the Santee there are three varieties of the rattlesnake: the hognose, the timber, and the diamond-back. The first of these, a curious dwarf, seldom over eighteen inches long, is of restless, fidgety habits, savage disposition, and a mien rendered strangely distorted by an oddly upturned nose. This little snake is the one which, somewhat the color of gray sand, lies half buried in it, and strikes viciously the foot of the unwary Negro. I never knew its bite to be fatal; but I knew a fisherman who, seeing one swimming near his boat in a lagoon, essayed to pick it up, not recognizing that it was a rattlesnake. The snake struck him in a finger, and the victim was unconscious for ten hours. He recovered; and he will never pick up a hognose again. The venom of this diminutive reptile is exceedingly virulent; it probably is less effective than that of the larger varieties of pit-vipers solely because of its limited quantity. Such a snake will eject through its fangs merely a drop or two of poison. I have teased a seven-foot diamond-back into striking, and the yellowish venom which he left on the pine pole with which he was prodded was enough to fill a teaspoon. The second kind of rattlesnake is the timber rattler, whose range is the widest of any of the twelve varieties of American rattlers. It would be interesting but for the presence in the same country of a far lordlier serpent of the same type—the great diamond-back, a superb reptile of gorgeous color, formidable size, and most interesting personality. Berkeley County, of which I write, probably represents the extreme northern limit in the East of the range of this splendid chimera, whose known presence in any forest haunts it with an indefinable sense of danger, even of terror. I should put eight feet six inches as the utmost limit of length to which this regal snake ever attains. Specimens over eight feet are rare; those six feet long are uncommon, but probably because the true diamond-back is nowhere positively abundant, at least not east of Texas. The largest serpent of this kind which I ever saw was killed about a mile from my home, at a place called Jones's Pond, in July, 1916. It measured seven feet eleven and one-half inches. Its girth at the largest part of the body was thirteen inches (nor had it just taken a meal). Its tail was a positive triumph of rattledom; for it bore twenty-nine rattles. But as rattles are continually being broken and torn off, the number is seldom an accurate indication of the snake's age; size is the better criterion.

One day late in August I was in swampy country near the river, at a place known as Bowman's Run. In these Southern woods every dark watercourse, every airy pine ridge, every lone pond, every alluring savanna retiring mistily among the pines, is likely to have its name. Many of these are associated with the old families of the region; in the wilder woods the appellations have usually been conferred for convenience by hunters, and that great fraternity passes on the picturesque names by word of mouth from one generation to another. I mention a few of these to show what I mean: Bull Hole, Buck Ridge, Blacktongue Branch, Rattlesnake Drive, Old Harry's Bridge, Fawn Pond, the Crippled Oak, Gum Swamp, Pinckney Run, and a hundred others of distinctive character. Nor let it be thought that a swamp is necessarily a place of darksome treacherous bogs, with water, water everywhere. Adjacent to the river there is likely to be more or less water, but in the swamp are high ridges, sunny and dry, where the sand is clean and white, and where white oaks grow and sweet-gums and hollies. I often think, when on such a lone ridge, that some day this whole country will be properly drained, and then these ridges will be choice sites for winter homes. But I must return to my little story of Bowman's Run.

A dark wood stream, after traversing leagues of lonely pine forest, there flowed with a sibilant, listless ripple into the broad yellow Santee. I was sitting on a log, and all about me the level green of gall-berries and huckleberries stretched away in shimmering sunlight. The world appeared steeped in a warm dream of summertide peace. But well I knew that a vendetta would soon be disclosed to me. And it was.

On the ground, only fifty yards distant, a gray squirrel gave a sudden bark: *Quack! quack! squay!!* This instantly changed into a wild chattering, a furious tirade of excited denunciation. Now a gray squirrel is a comparatively silent creature. In parks, where he is protected, he seldom makes a sound; in the wild, when he barks he means something. Perhaps it is one male challenging another; perhaps two mates are calling; oftenest it is an indication of sudden and startled terror. This is especially true of the rapid, chattering tone.

The squirrel that I heard did not stay on the ground. It leaped on a black-gum tree and dashed ten feet up its trunk, where it hung for a moment, visibly palpitating. Then it agilely turned head downward, and at once it recommenced its furious barking at some object hidden in the bushes at the foot of the tree. It descended a foot or two, and its extreme valor in so doing was apparent because the poor creature's utter fright was so patent. But it never got nearer the ground than about seven feet.

I left my log and walked over slowly, assuming that gingerly, conciliatory attitude toward everything stepped on which is most natural to one who knows that he is in snaky country. The squirrel, seeing the approach of a new enemy, fled chattering up to the first fork of the tree. When within twenty feet of the tree, I marked a slight stir in the bushes, discerned a slow weaving movement; I even heard the soft rasp of cold scales on cold scales. I halted, and the movement ceased. I stepped forward; then the diamond-back's rattles whirred in that arid, intense, ventriloquistic song of death. To locate the position of a rattler in dense brush merely by the sound of his rattling is a most difficult and baffling matter. Knowing where this serpent was, I now plainly discerned him, the color of autumn-strewn oak leaves, fearsomely heaped in his ashen coil. I went nearer, whereupon the rattles whirred more swiftly—indeed, wildly—and the whole huge body of the snake rose gradually as if on slow springs, while all of it distended strangely, ominously. I do not think that many observers have noticed this distention and this rising in his coil, as if gathering his strength for a mighty assault, in a coiled rattler. I was close enough to see the glare in the baleful cold yellow eyes, the massive articulation of the wide jaws, the faint chill pallor of lips as hard as steel and as contemptuous as death itself. While I stood still the body of the snake would subside; its size would gradually shrink before my very eyes, and the song of the rattles would fade into a sinister whir less importunate and imperative. But at my slightest movement all the formidable and grim menaces would be repeated.

Finally I came close enough to see that a young squirrel lay on the ground just in front of the great reptile. The squirrel was dead. Many of us talk of the cruelties of war; in the swamp there is warfare all the time. Knowing from experience that it is no great feat for a mature gray squirrel to bite through a human hand, I think that it is possible for a squirrel, if he could nerve himself to the risk of getting the proper grip, to take a terrible revenge on even the largest diamond-back. But I never knew a squirrel to fight a rattler, even in defense of its young. The chattering rodent will make a lot of noise, but in vapid barking, the counterfeit of valor, all his courage is vapored away. Like some people, he feels but he does not act. If he were like the mongoose, a creature of the same general size and build, he would soon become the terror of the rat-

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tler, as the mongoose is of the cobra. But nature will not have it so. Therefore a mother squirrel will watch a diamond-back take her baby, and she will have her revenge out in feeling.

The great rattler of which I write, in this particular region described, feeds almost wholly on young mammals or grown mammals of smaller size. My observations have led me to know that chief among these are young squirrels, rabbits, opossums, sometimes baby raccoons, minks, and full-grown wood rats and mice. He is also very fond of certain small birds, of toads, of other snakes, and of frogs. I have killed a rattler that had just eaten about a dozen large tadpoles, which he had evidently caught in very shallow water among the sedges on the borders of a pond. The Seminole Indians called the diamond-back "the Great King." And toward practically all the animals and birds and reptiles that inhabit his domain he bears a certain significance of relationship.

That this relationship is not wholly one of masterdom is readily shown. The razorback hog delights in tearing to pieces and devouring the largest serpent of this species. Neither this formidable reptile, the cottonmouth moccasin, the coral snake, nor the copperhead (and this list exhausts the list of venomous snakes of North America, if we consider the diamond-back as representative of the great rattler family) appears to have any power over a genuine native razorback; and I attribute partly to the presence of this savage forager over the huge free ranges of the Southern forest the comparatively small number of venomous snakes that one encounters in this otherwise reptilian paradise. But let it be known that we are considering no ordinary pig, which has been known to die of snake-bite in a manner ignominious to his race. I mean the real razorback, the kind that I myself have seen tearing to pieces a deer that careless hunters had left on the ground—a deer whose remnants were diaphanous when we arrived. I have seen a savage old razorback sow, frantic for food while trying to suckle eleven pigs, run down and kill a lamb and bear it away in barbarous triumph in her crocodile-like mouth. A razorback is a pine-land pirate; and he is a buccaneer that makes short shrift of any snake. His insurance against snake-bite is his hide. The serpent strikes, and the poison is deadly; but it seldom penetrates to the circulation.

ANOTHER enemy of the diamond-back is the whitetail deer, almost incredibly abundant in the swamp. He kills the reptile by leaping on it with all four feet drawn into a four-headed lance, weighted by the weight of the deer. Dogs are victims, and often with terrible swiftness. Many an old hunter has heard his favorite hound baying off at a little distance, and has reached the spot to find that the sudden hush in the baying meant that the hound was already dead. Stock suffers from the attacks of the diamond-back. I have seen cows that had been struck. The wound is commonly on the udder, and I have wondered whether the serpent did not recognize that as a peculiarly vulnerable place. Stock so injured usually dies. Of course the larger rattlers give off a distinctive odor, recognizable by man and readily apprehended from afar by the keener sense of smell of animals.

Nor is it in the summer alone that snakes are to be dreaded, for this region marks the southern limits of the latitude of hibernation. Usually snakes, frogs, alligators, turtles, and the like hibernate here; but if the winter is warm their hibernation may end prematurely. They may make the proper gestures toward a winter's retirement; but all such plans may be abandoned if a warm sun begins to shine insinuatingly on the creatures' dens, wherever they may be. I have at times seen supposedly sleeping creatures abroad in December, January, and February; and when they do come forth of their own volition they appear to have all their wits about them. However, I have seen whole rafts and shoals of moccasins washed out of winter quarters by a flood in the river; and they appeared numb, dazed, and stupid in every respect save one—the power to strike with swiftness and accuracy.

There is a general belief that before striking a rattlesnake "charms" or hypnotizes his victim. There is more truth in this than one might suppose; but the so-called charm is due less to any deliberate exercise of unusual power by the serpent than to the dread, frantic, fascinated fear of his intended prey. This understanding of the matter can be readily substantiated.

A load of rough firewood had been hauled into my yard on the plantation. Some of the big logs were hollow. A short time after the wood had been heaved off the wagon I heard some chickens setting up a racket near the wood-pile. On going there, I saw that several of the flock were greatly excited; but one, an old hen, was in mortal terror. Ordinarily her feathers decorated her normally; but now she had the appearance of a frizzled chicken. Before her, and within striking distance, high in his menacing heap, a huge diamond-back, which had evidently been brought in from the woods in one of the hollow logs, was "charming" her. There are ways and ways of charming; and this serpentine way is by the fascination of terror. The hen was crouched, and I am sure that her knees were shaking. At this moment an old hound ambled around the corner of the house. When he saw and smelled the snake, he put his head back and howled lugubriously. But most dogs would have barked, and some fools would have rushed in. The hound had attained an age of wisdom, discretion, and the power to speak sagely and warningly. But the strangest part of the performance was yet to come. A cat had been dozing beside the wood-pile, and this general alarm had awakened her. With one eye of ancient craftiness fixed on the hound, she began one of those amazing feline stretches; she lifted her tail vertically, humped her back loftily, and stood absolutely on tiptoe. While thus elevated in tense muscular relaxation she saw the snake. Immediately she faced it, the serpent then being about eight feet distant from her. Her extraordinary posture did not change; but her tail furred out, her hair rose, and she assumed the typical attitude of a cat cornered by a dog. Meanwhile she rocked back and forth, swaying as if hypnotized. Now and then she would lift a foot warily, but it would be replaced with great care. She seemed to be going through some mystic Egyptian or modern dance. As you can imagine, all these performances made me uneasy; I felt as if, unless I were careful, I might begin to be antic also. In such a case a small rifle is a handy weapon, and such a piece ended the career of the diamond-back and the paralysis of some of my domestic circle. I give this example to show that a rattler, when he is operating close to his victim, does have a certain dread power to fascinate; but of course he is powerfully assisted by his prey's shocked state of mind.

I have said more about serpents than I intended to say; but this is because these creatures live by preying, therefore they are forever on the war-path. I shall now try to tell of a vendetta of the water, and though I mention a reptile, this time the creature is an alligator.

IF you walk through the swamp in a moderately dry season you can go for miles without wetting your feet; but of course part of the time you will be crossing fallen logs that span watercourses. Now and then you will come to ponds or lakes—lone, placid, beautiful places; sometimes they are mere earthquake holes, small but very deep; again they will stretch for a mile or more, with edges of lily-pads and with a fathomless black channel. Sometimes these lakes will have little islets where grow cypresses, in whose friendly dense tops many aquatic birds nest—blue herons, egrets, and cranes. In the waters themselves fish abound—black bass, mudfish, pike, bullheads, perch, and mormouth. Here, too, are whole battalions of frogs, water snakes of many kinds, turtles, and alligators. It is of the war waged by these last that I wish to tell.

The American alligator is a survivor of the Pleistocene Age. He should perhaps have disappeared with some of the other aquatic monsters. But sometimes nature is very whimsical. She often makes mistakes, and she permits the survival of creatures with which we could well dispense. In the Santee Swamp and in the streams and lakes adjacent thereto the alligator attains a maximum length of about sixteen feet.

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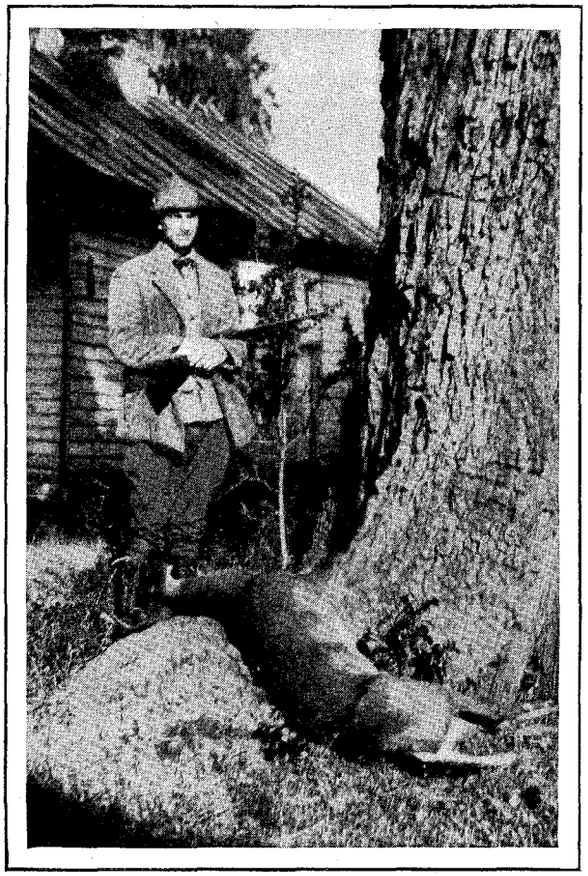

A TROPHY FROM THE SWAMP

But a twelve-foot bull will anywhere be accounted a big one. There are larger alligators in this region than there are in Florida, probably because they have been less mercilessly hunted. But nothing could be more merciless than the manner in which the alligator himself hunts. He is a vendettist of majof dimensions. His life is one long criminal career—if, indeed, anything natural is criminal. His existence is nothing but a prolonged and sinister stalk, with many cruel endings and many rebeginnings.

First of all, the alligator is a cannibal. The bull will eat his own young. If in some manner one alligator is rendered helpless, others will kill him and devour him. I have seen a huge old saurian of this type kill a smaller 'gator that I had caught on a line. They feed constantly on fish, on water-fowl, particularly on wood-ducks, and on almost anything that swims into their waters. It is said that an alligator will not attack a man. This is not true. I know of one Negro who was thrown down in shallow water and terribly injured by a bull alligator. I think that a man might swim across an alligator-infested lagoon; but this fact would not prove that the 'gator will never attack. There are as many authentic instances of attack by alligators as there are of attack by sharks on our coasts. The thing is rare, but it is not impossible. Alligators are hesitant about troubling a deer. Apparently there is a wholesome respect for the deer's sharp hoofs, which are truly admirable defensive weapons. But to ordinary animals the 'gator is an implacable foe. The hog that roots on the marshy edges, the calf that wanders with its mother to the brink of the lagoon, the hound that, in pursuit of a deer, swims into these mysterious waters—each has his fate sealed. When his victim is swimming, the 'gator simply drags him down grimly, usually with a silent ferocity that is appalling. If he is on the shore, a mauling blow from the creature's powerful, muscular, wedge-shaped tail stuns the prey until the attacker seizes it in his jaws of iron. I have never known an alligator to attack anything on land, and I have never seen it actually eat its prey; I have seen it catch and kill its prey.

One day I was walking down an open pine ridge in the swamp when I came upon a splendid bull alligator. He was a quarter of a mile from the nearest water. The time was midsummer, and the pond in which he had been staying had evidently become uncomfortably shallow. He was heading for the river, about a mile distant. As it is unusual to encounter so large a 'gator so far from his element, I decided to try some experiments with him. I walked straight at him, when, to my astonishment, he suddenly rose high on his blunt legs, opened wide his cavernous mouth, and rushed at me savagely but very awkwardly. His advance did not bring him more than fifteen feet when he subsided and his jaws closed with a loud, menacing, hissing sigh. Several times he made the same kind of attack. But he seemed to sense that I had the advantage of him. A green-pine pole that I presented for his close inspection he broke in half in spasmodic fury with a single champ of his jaws. I came almost near enough for his tail to reach me, just to see him use it. He did, with incredible skill and force. When I let him alone, he began to crawl away in a slow and dignified fashion. But such a creature is a menace, especially to young stock. I shot him. Later we got a wood-cart within reach of him and hauled him to the plantation, where the Negroes cut huge slablike steaks from his tail. They claim that one is made courageous by eating the flesh of this reptile. If heroism depends on this contingency, I fear that I shall never be decorated for bravery. I am rather of the opinion that it takes heroism to partake of such a repast.

The alligator is one of those wild creatures that have few natural enemies. Man is decidedly the worst. The young 'gators, in crawling from their sand-hill nest to the water, run a gamut of dangers, as they do in the water while they are small. There is probably much cannibalism among this strange family. But this saurian enjoys comparative freedom from natural foes.

In looking at the swamp from the train, one may imagine that it is a region of delight, where flowers festoon all trees and where mocking-birds carol night and day. The only mocking-bird I ever saw in the swamp was lost. And, while I do hear the parula warbler singing and, in certain seasons, Bachman's finch and the veery, with occasionally a far call from a wild turkey or a scattered covey of wood-quail, the swamp is not a place of music; unless, indeed, we accept as music those grim bellowings which resemble the bass profundities of the dragon in "Faust"—I mean the roar of the bull alligator. This is to me the most impressive sound in all nature, for I know of no sound to compare with it in depth, subterranean quality, and awesome grim grandeur.

I AM sensible that I have merely touched upon some of the more significant vendettas of the swamp. The subject is as vast as the territory itself. But no man can traverse these wild regions year after year without coming to know that, as far as the wild life is concerned, a desperate, stern struggle is constantly being waged. Those who pity beasts and birds in pens and cages should remember that at least these captives are shut away from all their wild enemies, and from that desolate freedom which is less than liberty because it is haunted.

Six miles from home, on a causeway in the swamp, there is a big pine with a bullet scar in it. There, long ago, one man killed another. It is a place of dread. Yet to me the beauty of the whole wide swamp, shimmering in nameless and dewy allurement, has

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dread about it; for its loveliness cannot hide the reality that even this beauty and this charm are mere physical, almost inanimate, aspects of the landscape, and that they do not represent the life of the place. I love the beautiful in nature, but nature I fear. She is an inexorable mistress; and vaguely out of every wildwood scene she looks at me, inscrutably smiling, but not as a human mother smiles, and not as smiles upon her lover a mortal sweetheart.

THE ADOPTED NEPHEWS OF SAMUEL[1]

TREATING 'EM HUMAN

BY PAUL LEE ELLERBE

FORMERLY CHIEF NATURALIZATION EXAMINER AT DENVER

THERE was a judge who naturalized foreign-born men and women once a month for years and years and almost never spoke to them.

He had been selected by the Republic to clothe them with rights and privileges equal to his own, to make them members of the largest and most democratic political fellowship on earth, and he almost never spoke to them.

His white marble and carved oak court-room was kept in a condition of chill and hushed sacrosanctity by a uniformed bailiff at the door and another at the bench—old men, but with their fingers constantly on their lips like coy maidens in a chorus.

The one at the door spent the fifteen minutes before the naturalization hearing began in lecturing the would-be Americans and their witnesses on the propriety of silence. It was his great moment. The entrance of the judge always threw him into a panic, so that he swallowed the rest of the sentence he was sure to be in the middle of and frantically shooed the crowd to its feet like chickens.

Then he led them down the aisle by threes whenever the clerk called out a name; the applicant in the middle and his witnesses on either side of him. Then the naturalization examiner, sent there for that purpose by the Government, asked them questions designed to test their fitness to come in, while the judge sat high above them, pensive, refined, and remote, and toyed with the slender gold chain that held his eyeglasses. His detachment gave him an awful impersonality. The examiner came to be, as the years stretched into a decade and then beyond it, thoroughly accustomed to him, but he never failed to feel it. It froze most of the foreigners.

If there was something wrong with a man's proof and his application had to be denied, the judge told him so, *through the examiner*, in language he couldn't understand. If the applicant had intelligence enough to ask for details, the examiner was told to explain to him afterwards, and call the next case. And it wasn't a matter of time, either. There was oceans of time in that court. In fact, it seemed to function in eternity.

When there were no objections and the applicants had been accepted for naturalization, the judge didn't speak to anybody, but just waved a languid white hand toward the clerk's desk. The people for whose benefit the gesture was made didn't know what it meant, and he knew they didn't, but he never repeated it or said anything—just let them stand there and wriggle. There's no other inference to draw: he liked to see them wriggle.

One of the underlings—bailiff, clerk, or examiner—always told them, after a discreet interval, in a properly modulated voice, what it was his Honor wished to convey by his wigwagging and got them into position for the oath of allegiance, but his Honor never noticed or added a jot or a tittle to his gesture. He made it serenely, over and over, on the day of the month set by his rule of court, on down the years.

Now the point is that men who had sat in the examiner's office before the hearing and given clear, comprehensive answers to precisely the same questions acquitted themselves in that court like blundering fools.

And the more they floundered, the better the judge seemed to like it. It fed his vanity. His unimaginative mind took it for a tribute to his personal puissance.

Or, to put it quite differently, there was nobody home—only a judge. And what this Republic needs—at least on naturalization day—is a man.

It makes a whole world of difference. When you deal with people, the manner of your dealing is sometimes as important as the matter. There's a frigidity about a court-room, anyway, that congeals a simple man's wits under even the most favorable conditions.

It is pleasant to remember a Cornish miner, stricken well-nigh dumb by the might, majesty, power, and dominion of a small court out West, who was returned swiftly and happily to his status as a human being by a word of honest kindness from the judge.

He was so embarrassed that he actually had difficulty in telling where he was born.

When at last he remembered the name of the place, "My father," said the judge, "was born there too. On such and such a street. Do you know that street?" And they sat there after that and spoke to each other like men.

To be naturalized now you must show that you know enough to cast an intelligent vote. It is pretty hard to do it if you are very poor, badly dressed, speak English that makes everybody smile, and have never been in court.

It is harder yet if you live in the West and have a homestead at stake—are desperately aware that your ability to acquire final title to the land you have tilled and built on and made your home on for three years or five is directly dependent upon the correctness of your answers to questions asked you during the terrifyingly few minutes you sit there before the judge. No wonder strong, intelligent men of poise and dignity break into heavy sweat and shuffle their feet and stutter.

One of them gave such an extremely poor account of himself that the judge was puzzled.

"I cannot possibly naturalize you," he said, "on the showing you've made. And yet I feel that you know more than you can tell. Mr. Examiner, what do you say to taking this man into chambers and talking to him there?"

In his chambers the judge pointed to a chair and produced cigars.

"Sit down, Mr. Pedersen, and tell me about your crops."

The man's children came next. And then the county roads. From things he could talk about almost automatically the judge led him back quietly, as they sat side by side and smoked together, into that debatable land of Constitution and Congress, Legislature and Town Council, Sheriff, Mayor, County Superintendent of Schools, and all the rest of it. The man had studied hard and long; he produced three little thumb-worn books to prove it. All half-Englished as he was, he had extracted information from the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and knew what it meant. He read his daily American newspaper, slowly, but intelligently.

He was much better informed than the average citizen of his station, and bursting with a desire to tell what he knew.

The judge took him back into the court-room and naturalized him, with the examiner's hearty approval.

If the judge hadn't had the time and the inclination to do that extremely unconventional and unjudicial thing and take the man out of surroundings where he couldn't think, an intelligent person

[1] This is one of two articles by Mr. Ellerbe on the problem of making immigrants into citizens. The second article, "The Goats," will follow in an early issue.

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who is now a good citizen would have been rejected as a dolt.

One of those examiners sent out by the Government to walk up and down on the earth and test people, as Satan did in the Book of Job, learned a lot from the case of Tony—Tony Angellotti.

Tony presented himself for naturalization in a Colorado court as devoid of knowledge of our Government and institutions as the near-by mountains were devoid of trees above timber-line. The examiner thought from the way Tony answered his questions that the comparison was a good one. He believed that knowledge wouldn't grow on Tony.

Nevertheless Tony too must have his chance. So his case was continued and he was told to consult an old gentleman in the town who conducted a "Citizenship Class"—entirely free—just because he wanted to help.

We'll say his name was Watson. He was a justice of the peace and five other things, and all for the town's good. Once a week his class met in his little office to sit around his cast-iron stove and spit in his sawdust box and learn the things a citizen is supposed to know.

The next hearing of Tony's case was three months later, and on the day's docket were the names of several of Mr. Watson's pupils. And so it happened that the old gentleman came along with them to see how they acquitted themselves.

Before the hearing began he went up to the examiner and said: "Tony, over there, is a good boy, and he's studied hard. He's pretty well posted, and he ought to be naturalized; but, do you know, when you come in at that door Tony's wits fly out of the window. So I want to ask you a favor: When it comes to the part about Government, let me ask Tony the questions. He's used to me, and it'll give him a better chance."

"Certainly," said the examiner, "if the judge doesn't mind."

And the judge didn't, so it was arranged that way.

The examiner took Tony first, and in the most careful, discreet, and restrained voice, to keep from frightening him, asked him if he had ever been arrested, and whether he had more than one wife, and if he wanted to overthrow the Government, and was he attached to the principles of the Constitution, and did he send his children to school, and so forth, and so forth.

And Tony held himself as stiff as a ramrod, and the sweat came out on his face and the flies crawled all around his mouth and he didn't even know they were there he was so frightened, and he squeezed a few stupid words out of a tightened throat and did his very best to throw himself.

And then Mr. Watson came up. With an informality that was excusable in a man of his years, he threw one leg over the reporter's table in front of the judge, leveled a finger at Tony, and bellowed at him in a voice like the bull of Bashan:

"Now, Tony, don't you get scared!"

And to the examiner's intense surprise, Tony heaved a sigh of relief. His tautened muscles relaxed. He found a big red handkerchief somewhere and mopped his face. A great smile like a sunrise spread from his mouth to his ears. He was used to Mr. Watson. He knew what that friendly bellow meant. It put him at his ease. That's the way they had studied civics together, sitting round the cast-iron stove.

And then Mr. Watson started in a little before Christopher Columbus, and came down a little after Mr. Woodrow Wilson (who was then still President); and Tony came along with him neck and neck, and gave an account of the governments of the United States, the State, and the county that would have done credit to a college graduate.

And he was exactly the same Tony who had presented the front of a fool fifteen minutes before.

In fact, Tony wasn't even a hundredth part the dunce the examiner had thought him. Indeed, he upset the dignity of the Court by suddenly showing a quite unexpected ability to make observations of his own.

"Now, Tony," said Mr. Watson, genially unaware of whither his question was leading, "if you wanted to get a law made in this State, how would you go about it?"

"Mr. Watson," said Tony promptly, "I write him out, and I take him to Mr. Smith," naming the Representative in the Legislature from that county, "and I say, 'Mr. Smith, I want you should get him made the law.'"

"That's right," said Mr. Watson. "And what does Mr. Smith say?"

"Mr. Smith," said Tony in a high, clear voice, "Mr. Smith, he say, 'How much you pay?'"

That particular examiner was constantly being surprised like that—and getting new faith in future America from the shock. He came to believe that what we need the most is interpreters. If we really want to give them an understanding of what citizenship means, we've got to use people like Mr. Watson, who are good citizens in their relationship to them. One man like that will do the United States more solid good in dealing with this particular problem—which, after all, is essentially personal—than an army of law enforcers. The very pivot of this whole matter of assimilating the foreign-born people in America is the personality of the Americans that we pick to represent us.

That's such a simple and human fact that it's pretty sure to continue to be mistaken for sentimentalism.

Just the same, every time we pick the wrong kind, the kind, for example, that patronizes and condescends, we are going to meet—if not outwardly, then surely in the minds of our new citizens, that keep thinking along just as ceaselessly as ours do—we are going to meet in their minds with the fate that overtook a young man coming into Denver one Sunday morning on an Argo Street car.

He was a very nice young man, and bound for church. He swung from a strap, with his gray suede gloves turned back from his very white hands, serene in the consciousness of his complete immaculacy. Below him on one of the seats was an older laboring man, slumped all in a heap, sleeping off last night's drunk.

The church-goer eyed him with extreme distaste and said in a loud voice for everybody to hear:

"I don't think swine like that should be allowed to ride on the street cars."

But the older man wasn't as drunk as he looked. He roused himself and cocked a shrewd watery blue eye at the other, and said in a voice that also was heard by every one—and that eventually drove his critic from the car:

"Young man, I'm drunk, and you're a fool. And I'll get over it, and you won't."

There's a vast difference between the defects you can get over and those you can't. Mistaking the former for the latter is very common, and a most effective way to lock the wheels of progress. A mighty good working hypothesis in dealing with the foreign-born in America is that they are what we should have been under the same circumstances. A mighty good rule—just from the point of view of results—is to "treat 'em human."

It's hard to do in the great naturalizing courts of the East. Perhaps it's necessary there to mechanize the whole thing, under the present system, in order to get through, but it's a pity.

It is rather depressing to sit in the average big naturalizing court of the East and watch them go through like coffee beans through a mill—two hundred, sometimes, in a day; steadily, click, click, jog trot, none pausing long enough to make himself really known to the judge who lets them in; each of them renouncing absolutely and forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly and by name to that prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty of which he is at that time a subject or citizen; swearing to support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic, and to bear true faith and allegiance to the same, so help him God.

That ought to be impressive; and it is, but too often in the wrong way; too much after the subways and the traffic-spated streets; with the same ground note of unhumanness and menace.

But perhaps most New Yorkers don't catch that. There is nothing an outsider feels more strongly or immediately. That is one of the things that makes him afraid. It is natural that he should be afraid. There is nothing imaginary about the menace of large numbers of human beings behaving as if they were not human but mechanical.

It is a pity the Republic has to take

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in its new citizens in this way. It is a pity we couldn't turn the job over to persons less exalted and less busy than the judges of these great courts.

But, some one will say, the time given in the court-room has very little to do with it. The real examinations have been made by the Government's naturalization examiners beforehand, and this re-examination that you see them conducting before the judge is a mere form retained because the law requires it; the judge doesn't go by that, but by the recommendations of the examiners.

That's true, and therefore wouldn't it be a pretty good idea to elevate the examiners to some kind of judicial or subjudicial rank and let them have the final say-so, subject, if you like, to the aliens' right of appeal to the courts? Or to abolish the examiners altogether and establish a wholly new tribunal?

It is not a simple question, but far too complex to debate here. There are a multitude of disadvantages to what is proposed, but the advantages seem to outweigh them considerably. Some of us would be keenly interested in a full discussion. But we are very few.

This isn't an indictment, but a plea. A plea that Congress look around and arrange it so, if it may be, that when aliens come up for naturalization they come before men who have the ability to understand them, and time and an inclination to "treat 'em human."

THE CITY DISCOVERS THE FARMER

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

A CHAMBER OF COMMERCE meets in a Western town of twenty-five thousand. The doctor is there, the butcher, the general merchandise storekeeper, the lawyer, and a representative of every other line of business and professional endeavor of the town. These Western towns are wholly dependent, or nearly so, on farm production. Each has a cheese factory, a broom factory, or some kind of a factory; or, maybe, no factory at all. They discuss civic beauty, city streets, and other things for the benefit of the city within the city limits.

They have left out the biggest business man of all—the farmer—who, when it comes right down to real production, makes the general line of city business pale in comparison. The farmer is in more urgent need of organizing membership, especially with city organizations, than any other element of American society. His isolation demands it. Surrounding the average Western town, within a radius of ten miles, there will probably be a farm population of about six thousand persons. The main thing is that in this circle there will be approximately one thousand farms—one thousand separate and distinct businesses producing commodities that are absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the country at large in general, and to the distributing city in particular.

The farmer has two problems—production and distribution. He is hampered in both by lack of proper facilities. No single farmer can afford to go to any great expense in ferreting out long-distance sales, because the expense of securing purchasers for his individual crop would be more than he could profit by the effort.

I am now speaking of the small farmer who tills from forty to a hundred and sixty acres of ground. Therefore it is of prime importance that the city business man should co-operate in the closest manner with the farmers. Cities in farming areas should by all means include in their chamber of commerce membership the leading farmers of the community, and they shouldn't be members for social purposes either. Chambers of commerce spend thousands of dollars furthering urban business for only one reason, and that's to do more business. More business makes more profits. Could there be any greater expansion of business in a farming district than the doubling of the farm production in its shipping radius? This is very easily done in most cases, and has been done where the experiment has been worked out.

I have in mind a very energetic man in the Central West. In my opinion, he is one of the big leaders in American life to-day. He started some work that has no frills nor theoretical fancies draped around it. He is trying to build organizations, and not organization payrolls. He wants to build co-operative movements between the city business men and the farmers, with all lounge lizards and chair warmers left out. He has been eminently successful so far.

This man called a meeting recently in a Western community. At that meeting were bankers, business men, farmers of all descriptions. He got right down to business. He demonstrated beyond any question that the farmers in that section could double production with very little increased labor power; simply a matter of co-ordinated intelligent effort. He asked the bankers and business men in that room to get behind every farmer in that district. They got together. The city men told the farmers that they would hire the best experts in the country; expert horticulturists would get the aid of the University to make soil tests, would get the very best instruction possible for the farmers in that country, and they, the city men, would pay the bill. They wanted the farmers to advocate good roads, and lots of them. They even went so far as to start a distribution center, where a central body would take care of the needs of the farmers of that district. In other words, Tom Brown, with two thousand dollars' worth of farm produce, would not be compelled to spend half of it in securing a sale. A small bureau would handle all the farmers in the district.

A farmer became suspicious. "Funny you city fellows are getting so interested in us all of a sudden. Where does your ax come in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the president of the local State bank, "we have an ax to grind. We aren't giving you something for nothing at all. In doubling your business and doubling your profits and securing you the best advice and assistance that the State can give we are going to do three things: One, we are going to guarantee you against spending a lot of money in experiment; we will bring you in expert advice that will eliminate most of the loss you now incur in trying to grow something that isn't adapted to this section. You know that people in other sections grow a certain crop; you think it will grow here; you try it, but, somehow or another, it doesn't grow. We will have experts here who by soil analysis will tell you what will and will not grow, without losing all this effort and money. Second, by doubling the farm production in this center we are going to do just twice as much business and make twice as much profit from you men. When all is said and done, the business of this city and the homes of this city are being kept up on the business we do with the farmers of this section. If we can double your profits, we will double ours, and we will both be twice as well off as we were before. The few thousand dollars it will cost us to secure the aid we are going to get for you will only be a small item compared with the extra profits we are going to receive eventually. Third, by intensive and intelligent farming you are going to produce a great deal more to the acre; it's going to be a surer production, and, as a result, our risks on long-time loans are going to be reduced to a very marked degree. Now that's the ax we have to grind. It's true, we are going to profit through this movement we are inaugurating, but we are not going to profit a bit more than you are, and not as much."

That settled the argument.

This is not a visionary or hypothetical meeting. The main reason for the

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farmer and business men getting together in the locality mentioned is a clear-eyed, practical expert, Mr. Baer, who is now in charge of the Farm Bureau of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce.

Two years ago this "friend of everybody" appeared before the Executive Committee of the St. Louis Chamber and dumfounded the leaders of this commercial body by requesting that a large fund be set aside to use in reorganizing chambers of commerce so as to include the farmer. The executives of the St. Louis Chamber quite well realized that for many years there had been steadily growing a class feeling between the average farmer and the average chamber. They very well knew that many farmers viewed the activities of the chamber of commerce with about the same feeling that the average employer views closed-shop organized labor. But Mr. Baer assured them that the local chambers of commerce would be the proper medium by which to bring about, not only a friendly feeling between the tiller of the soil and the merchant, but they could co-operate to the tremendous advantage of both.

Mr. Baer speaks with the rapidity of machine-gun fire, and every word he utters has a punch behind it, backed by facts that are indisputable. He told them, tersely: "You men represent and work night and day for more prosperity to the stores, wholesale houses, factories, railways. Did you ever stop to think who builds the average city of the Middle West? What is the principal business? You won't have to look at figures more than ten minutes to see that the farmer is the leading business man in your section; not as an individual, but as a whole. There are several hundred chambers of commerce in the agricultural districts of this country where the city's main support is drawn from the farmers. The prosperity of these cities, therefore, is almost wholly dependent on the prosperity of the farmer. What have you men been doing in the past ten years for this farmer who either means success or failure in your business ventures? What have you been doing to get this farmer good roads; to help him with proper credit; to co-operate in proper farm management; in promoting education of all descriptions? True, you have done quite a bit, but not a quarter what you could have done. The trouble with the chambers of commerce, as I see it, is that, from an agricultural standpoint, they are on the wrong end of the horn, or, rather, pulling the wagon from the end gate instead of the tongue. I want this Chamber of Commerce to act on a certain proposition. I want to go out and revamp all the chambers of commerce within a radius of three hundred miles of this city. We want farmers on the Board of Directors. When weekly meetings are held, we want farmers at those meetings. We want them to get up, tell the business men what they want and why they want it. Then we will get somewhere.

"We in the cities have had the wrong idea for a long time. Many of us have looked on the farmers as 'hicks.' As a matter of fact, we have been the prize 'hicks' ourselves. Talk about the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg! We have been organizing for every kind of an organization known to protect business, and labor, and banks, and churches, and what not, but we haven't had sense enough to get right down and help organize the very institution that means prosperity or poverty, not only to the city, but to the entire country the fall of every year. We have been neglecting the men we need most, and the very men who need us the most—the farmers.

"We have been organizing the cities to work eight hours a day and to exact the last pound of flesh from the farm, and we haven't played squarely with ourselves. We haven't helped build the farm, nor have we tried to rehabilitate farming sections. We have been robbing land and putting nothing back.

"That's simply because we have lacked broad-gauged co-operation. We have been organizing business, yet we haven't been big enough to recognize the farmer as being a member of the biggest and most stable business in the world. We have failed to recognize him individually as the very backbone of the community. He has had to grope around because of the fact that by reason of his financial status and environment he has been unable to take advantage of opportunities for his personal and community prosperity. That's the size of the whole thing in a nutshell. We are going to turn over a new leaf. We are going to start bringing the farmer and merchant together if this Chamber will lend the proper support. We will have the city boosting farm development. At the same time the farmer will be boosting civic improvement. We will have the business men, as a body, assisting the farmer in obtaining necessary loans. Above all, we will bring both the farmer and the urban dweller to realize that their bread is buttered on the same side; that the prosperity of one means the prosperity of both, but that the impoverishment of either one is sure to react disastrously on the other. We are going to break down every bit of class feeling that now exists between the tiller of the soil and the business men. We won't just talk about it. After getting the farmer and the business men to meet in the same room, we will get behind this farm improvement; we will put organizers on the farms; we won't have any more hit-or-miss productions; we will get the best horticulturists and agronomists to circulate through this district continually; we will have a man in each district who thoroughly understands the shipping game from top to bottom to give expert advice to the farmer, and a bureau that will handle the distribution of farm production."

"Just wait a minute," one of the Chamber executives said at this point. "Where do we come in in all of this? This is going to cost money; lots of it. Where are we going to get off?"

"Right," said Mr. Baer. "What do we live on now?"

"Profits of business."

"Right," replied Mr. Baer. "We know without any question that we can double production, and that by intelligent handling we can double the profits of that production. Get out your book; see how much farm produce and commercial business has been transacted in this farming area in the last year. Just double that, and see what it will give you."

"Well," replied the Chamber executive, "this would run into millions upon millions of dollars."

"Right. And it will only cost us thousands. It is going to cost us money, yet every dollar we lay out is going to bring us back four or five times as much. When the farmer makes twice as much money as he does now, he is going to spend twice as much. Therefore the wholesalers and retailers are going to sell twice as much. Twice as many sales means twice as much profit."

"I know," replied the Chamber executive; "but you are going to go up within a few miles of Kansas City and spend money co-operating with farmers for the benefit of Kansas City. I don't see where we have anything to do with Kansas City."

"Wait," replied Mr. Baer; "I'll show you. Take a look at your trade reports from Kansas City, and you will find that about half of their wholesale business is transacted through the wholesalers of St. Louis. What difference does it make, anyway? It will simply mean that Kansas City wholesalers will be able to buy twice as much goods from St. Louis manufacturers and wholesalers. How about it?"

"Done," replied the executives in unison. "Go ahead. We'll get your money."

Mr. Baer has since been doing a man-sized job. He began only a short time ago, so far as St. Louis is concerned, but he has reorganized many chambers in the vicinity of St. Louis. Now everybody in that territory is enthusiastic about it.

I heard Mr. Baer talk while I was in Little Rock, Arkansas, recently. I ran across his work in that State. Five years ago Arkansas was in bad shape. The farms weren't functioning properly. Farmers were purchasing corn from Iowa, hauling it five hundred miles into the State at a tremendous cost. The State wasn't even feeding itself. They found that they were buying eighty-three million dollars' worth of feed and food per year from outside of the State, and most of this could be grown within its own borders. It was figured out that the people of Arkansas were spending twenty-three million dollars for meat, and about the same amount for canned goods. The most remarkable thing was that very few farms had a chicken, a cow, or a pig on them. Cotton had

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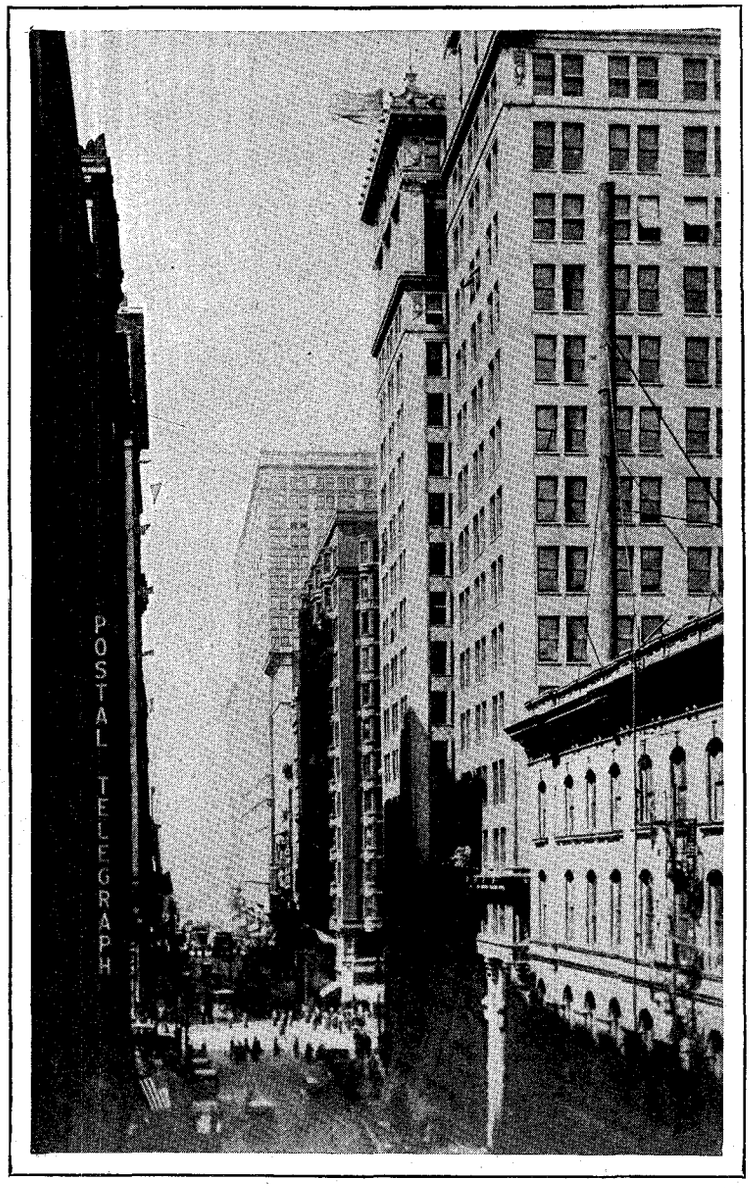
dropped to five and a half cents a pound at the beginning of the war. The citizens of the State faced a very serious situation. About this time Mr. Baer dropped in. He got busy. He brought in agricultural experts. He took the business men out of the town into the country, where he arranged scores of meetings in rural school districts and in the small towns. In six weeks his staff had talked to two hundred thousand persons. He told them that the State must feed itself; it must diversify its crops. He told them to get more chickens, more pigs, more cattle, more gardens, put in more crops, and farm it better. But the farmers were skeptical and practical. They wanted to know how they were going to do this without money, and they said, "We must have some instructions in new methods of farming." Mr. Baer had the co-operation of the agricultural colleges, experiment stations, country farm advisers. He got all of these agencies co-operating. He had the bankers and the business men with him at the same time. "We'll teach you," said the agricultural college people and the agronomists. The bankers promised them sufficient money; business men, farmers, agricultural experts of all kinds, experimental station directors, all got together and co-operated so successfully in Arkansas that after the first year the State was raising thirty-three million dollars' worth of food and feed that it had formerly imported. In addition, it was raising more cotton than ever. The work was started; it is still being carried on. It has had wonderful results in one of the hardest States in the Union to work in.

Being a new movement, of course it met with all the difficulties of embryo effort, but Mr. Baer had proved that when the farmer and the banker and all other agencies co-operate the prosperity of the farmer can be developed and, as a result, the entire country profit immensely.



A BUSINESS STREET OF ST. LOUIS, THE ECONOMIC CAPITAL OF A GREAT AGRICULTURAL EMPIRE

If there were a few more Baers and a few less theorists, the farmer would soon come into his own in this country; not in one year, but he would steadily move toward the position he merits.

The farmer doesn't want paternalism; he doesn't want a lot of quacks administering "cure-alls;" he doesn't want a lot of talk. He does want co-operation. He needs sound, practical assistance, especially in the distribution of his products. He doesn't want to become a protégé of business organization; he wants to be a part of it; and if the farmer is placed on the membership of commercial and civic organizations he will be able to explain his needs far better than some bookworm could suggest.

The chamber of commerce stimulates business; it co-ordinates urban business endeavor of all kinds. Why has it left out the biggest business in the country? I do not mean, in this article, to say that the farmer has been wholly neglected by business and financial interests. That would be untrue. Bankers continually loan millions and millions of dollars to country banks for farm development. At the same time it is true that there has been a deplorable lack of intelligent, sympathetic co-operation. The farmer *does* lack organization; he lacks understanding with those who compose the membership of organizations of all kinds. As a result, the farmer has failed to understand the business man, and the business man has failed to understand the farmer—almost wholly because of lack of contact.

Personal contact between all kinds of business and the farmer must be established before we even approach a solution of the farm problem. As soon as the farmer becomes a part of these great organizations the farmer will come into his own, and gradually the farm problem will solve itself.

What we need in this situation is more common sense and less theory, less dodging of responsibility. Above all, the petty feeling that unfortunately exists in many quarters between the rural dwellers and their city cousins must be broken down completely. This cannot be accomplished by telepathy. Business men of all descriptions must seriously and vigorously co-operate with the farmer; not through bulletins or mimeographed promises, but by actual friendly association. It's time the farmer, the banker, and the merchant became acquainted. They have been strangers long enough.

The farm problem will not be settled in one day, nor in one year, but close personal contact between agricultural and commercial interests will eventually cement the relationship that will be of everlasting benefit to the prosperity of the entire country.

The chamber of commerce is the proper body to prosecute vigorously a movement that will dignify and stimulate the "business" of farming by placing at the disposal of the American farmer advantages of adequate financing, scientific production, and efficient distribution.

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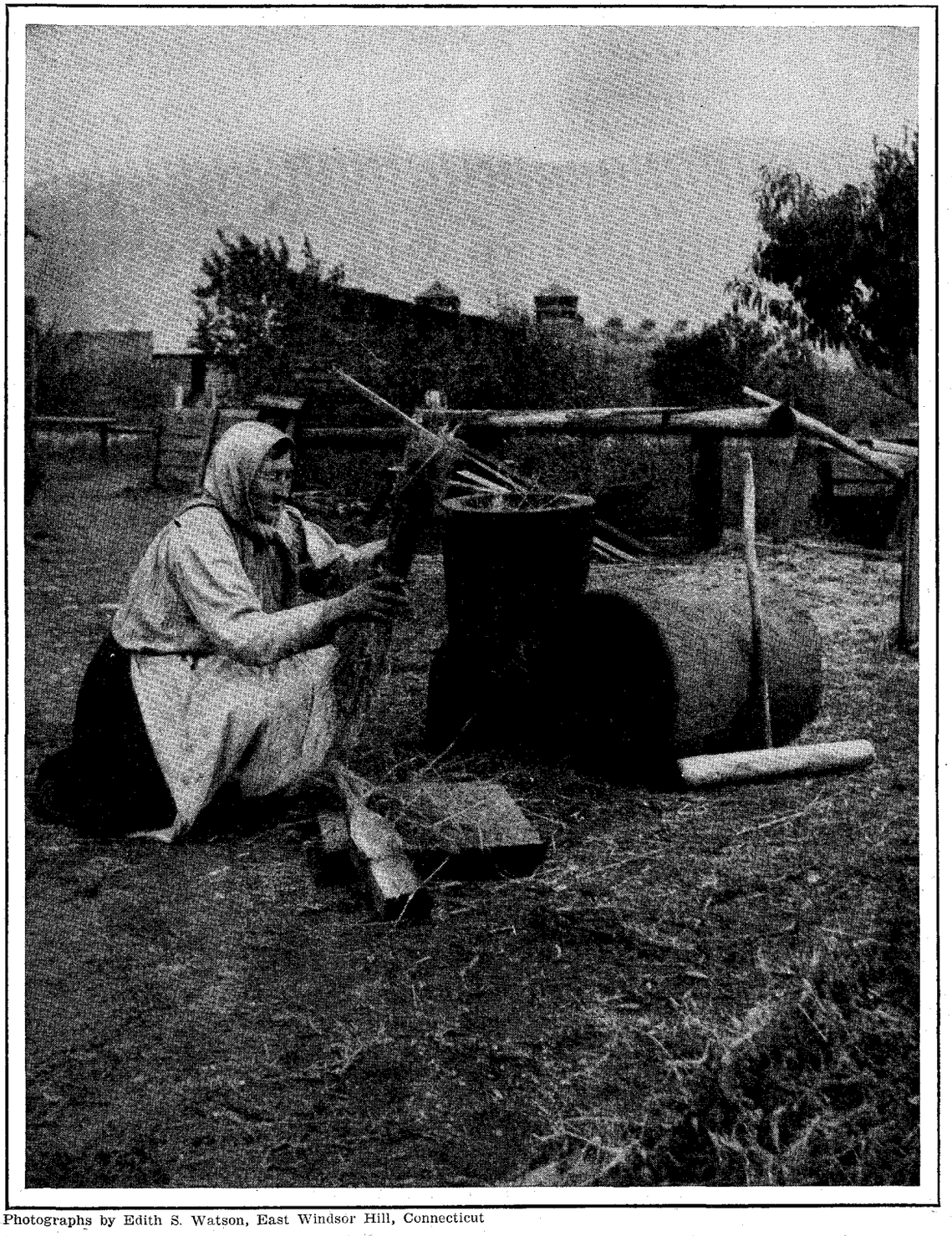
A "CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY OF

PICTURES FROM AN



Photographs by Edith S. Watson, East Windsor Hill, Connecticut

A DOUKHOBOR WOMAN THRESHING FLAX

The Doukhobors, a sect of Russian nonconformists, settled in British Columbia some years ago. They now have a large and flourishing colony numbering several thousand persons. Their business is done, our informant states, under the style quoted in our headlines. They are very successful in raising and weaving flax—planting, pulling, and retting the fiber and then spinning the thread and weaving it into linen on home-made spinning wheels and looms. They use crude instruments, mortars, wooden mallets, and a wooden knife fixed in a wooden bench, to separate or break the woody part from the fiber. The woman in the picture is getting ready to beat the flax. Men as well as women wear linen garments at church and on special occasions

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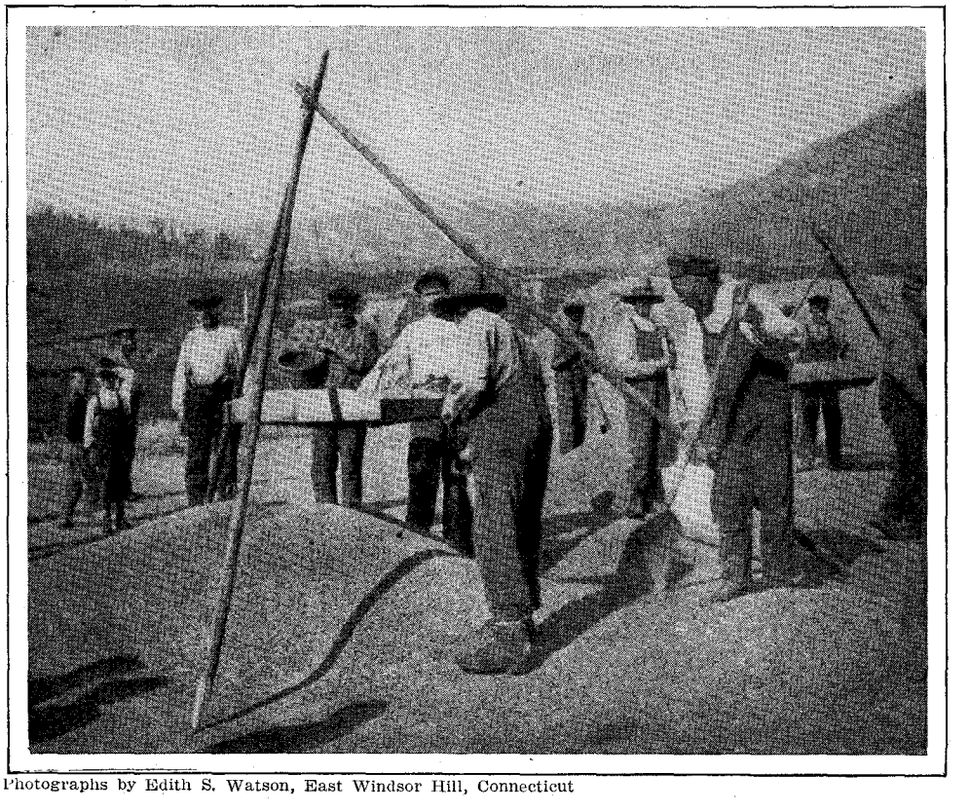
RUSSIAN DOUKHOBORS AT WORK ON THE EARTH THRESHING-FLOOR IN THEIR COLONY AT BRILLIANT, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Doukhobors have retained their Old World methods of threshing, using horses and drag, and separating the chaff from the grain with hand-made wooden forks and shovels



DOUKHOBORS SIFTING WHEAT IN THE COLONY CALLED BY THEM "THE VALLEY OF CONSOLATION"

The Doukhobors were formerly much given to literalistic interpretations of the Scriptures, and their resulting vagaries for a time brought them into conflict with the authorities. It is said that they have now settled down into a contented prosperity

Photographs by Edith S. Watson, East Windsor Hill, Connecticut

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THE BOOK TABLE

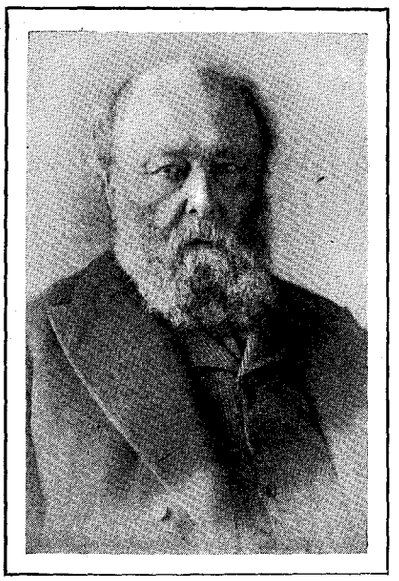
A COURAGEOUS CONSERVATIVE[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THIS is a remarkable biography of a remarkable man written by his daughter. It is neither a eulogy nor a critique; nor is it that not uncommon escape from such an alternative, a colorless narrative of events. It is throughout an interpretative biography. It is characterized by remarkable political intelligence. It is rare to find so colorful a story so free from moral emotionalism or personal or party prejudice, and still more rare to find it in a biography of a great leader written by a member of his family.

Lord Salisbury was not an adventurous spirit. It was characteristic of him that he took no part in the distinctive English recreation—hunting—and rode only as a means of getting over the ground from place to place. He was temperamentally a conservative, and had a more vivid realization of the perils resulting from change than of those produced by stagnation. What he called "the enchanted region of pure Gladstonism—that terrible combination of relentless logic and dauntless imagination," had no charms for him. But he was not timid; he was a courageous and efficient fighter. It requires extraordinary courage for a member to confront the House of Commons, and this he did early in his Parliamentary career. Criticising certain action of the Liberal Government as characterized by "devices more worthy of an attorney than a statesman" and called to account for his phraseology by Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal leader, then probably the most famous statesman in Europe, he replied that "'He felt that he was only doing justice to his own feelings when he avowed that on that occasion he did a great injustice'—a pause filled by an encouraging 'hear, hear,' from a kindly if deluded member—'to the attorney.' The half-dozen words of eulogy upon the profession which follow in Hansard's reports witness to the momentary silence of stupefaction which ensued,—then the remainder of the sentence is lost in a storm of cries and exclamations."

His courage was shown in more than one instance by action which might easily have ended the political career of a less dauntless spirit. He was one of the younger members of the Conservative party, held a subordinate office in the Cabinet, and went out of office when his party was defeated by the success of a Liberal bill extending the suffrage. But when Disraeli brought the Tory party back into power by outbidding the Liberals with a bill for a still greater extension of the suffrage, Salisbury refused to go back into office with his colleagues. He did not change his party, but neither would he change his principles. He remained a Conservative and "formulated against his leaders a charge of deliberate treachery." American political history has furnished no more



LORD SALISBURY

striking illustration of independence in politics than that of this young Tory remaining a Tory and denouncing his party leaders in such words as these: "It is hot-headed, it is dangerous, it is Quixotic, to terminate a Ministry, or imperil a party's prospects, or risk a single jolt in the progress of the administrative machine, in order to uphold deep convictions and to be true to a cherished cause!" Such an appeal to the English honor was not without political effect, and when Disraeli, under whose advice the principles of the party had been repudiated in order to win its success, became Prime Minister, the young rebel was asked to rejoin the cabinet. His reply is quoted by his daughter: "I told him (the bearer of the invitation) I had the greatest respect for every member of the Government except one—but I did not think my honor was safe in the hands of that one."

Nor was his courage confined to the political battlefield. His father's influence obtained for him an appointment to a military office; he refused it because he did not think himself fitted for a military career. He married wisely and happily, but against his father's desires, and gave up the wealth and luxury to which he had been accustomed and supplemented a very moderate income by his pen. He reluctantly acceded to his father's urgency and went into Parliament, but pursued there an independent course and won his place as one of England's eminent statesmen by his courageous devotion to principle.

He did not believe in government by the majority, but neither did he believe in autocracy. He would not have fought with the Roundheads under Cromwell; he might have fought with the Cavaliers under Charles I; but he would have been no admirer of Strafford or Laud. He contended that with democracy "passion is not the exception but the rule." "An emotion will shoot electrically through a crowd which might have appealed to each man by himself in vain." "Wealth, birth, intellectual power, and culture mark out the men to whom in a healthy state of feeling a community looks to undertake its government;" although "they must be checked by constitutional forms and watched by an active public opinion, lest their rightful pre-eminence should degenerate into the domination of a class." He thought that the less cultured classes should be represented, but that universal suffrage would transfer government from the best men to inferior men. Combining government by numbers with government by the best men he regarded as impossible. "The habitual omnipotence of the majority will silence all preachers of self-restraint." "First-rate men will not canvass mobs, and if they did the mobs would not elect first-rate men." That the mass of men can be so educated by public schools, public assembly, a public press, public elections, and a free church as to become self-governing and cease to be a mob is an hypothesis which apparently never occurred to him.

His daughter devotes one chapter to an exposition of her father's religious faith. "It rested upon a spiritual vision which had an existence altogether apart from his intellectual processes and which was more compelling of conviction than any evidence they can produce." How that mystical faith brought him to his acceptance of the Church doctrine of baptismal regeneration and something hardly distinguishable from transubstantiation his daughter does not explain. Her quotations make it clear that he was far from being a rationalist. When it was urged against some aspect of Christian doctrine that it was irrational, "his only comment used to be, 'As if that had anything to do with it.'" But whatever the basis of his faith, he was not intolerant. "If I myself," he said, "am satisfied that I believe what is true, what can it matter to me what others worshiping beside me believe?" The same spirit actuated him in politics. "It is the duty," he wrote, "of every Englishman and of every English party to accept a political defeat cordially and to lend their best endeavors to secure the success or to neutralize the evil of the principles to which they have been forced to succumb." It is

[1] The Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury. By Lady Gwendolen Cecil. 2 vols. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $12.

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this spirit which has enabled Anglo-Saxon communities to settle their political controversies amicably and generally to avoid those revolutions to which Latin communities have so often been unhappily subject.

It was perhaps this principle of action or this quality of character which leads his daughter to the opinion that her father's capacity for leadership was "essentially a capacity for democratic leadership." He certainly was far removed from the demagogue, and never played to the gallery. But an amusing incident indicates that he lacked one of the qualifications popularly supposed to be essential to democratic leadership:

> One day he was present at a man's breakfast party. He sat at the right hand of his host, and in the course of the meal asked him in an undertone for the name of the stranger who was seated on his—the host's—left. It was Mr. W. H. Smith, who had been his colleague in office for many years and who was at that moment the second man in his ministry and in almost daily communication with himself. The only plea which he could urge in excuse of this wonderful blunder was that he always sat opposite to Mr. Smith in Cabinet and had therefore never learned what his profile looked like.

I do not think I am mistaken in the opinion, confirmed by this incident, that Lord Salisbury's interest was not in persons but in principles, not in men but in measures. If so, he lacked one of the most necessary qualifications for successful democratic leadership.

These two volumes are history as well as biography. They interpret the progress of England during the last century from feudalism toward democracy; they explain why both Liberal and progressive leaders sympathized with the South in our Civil War, and they give, especially in the second volume, an account of the tangle of the Eastern question and the halting, hesitating, and often inconsistent endeavor of European statesmen and diplomats to find a solution for it. This second volume is well worth the study of all statesmen and editors who wish to trace back the present perplexing conditions of both the Near and the Far East to their sources in the selfish nationalism of the past. Here I have attempted only to give my readers a personal sketch of a statesman whose courageous fidelity to what he believed to be the truth entitles him to the respect of all readers of the history of human progress.

BOOKS ABOUT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Mrs. Corinne Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Perhaps no testimony to the human interest in the character and personality of Theodore Roosevelt is more remarkable than the flood of Roosevelt literature which still pours from the press. Supplementing several books of this nature that have been reviewed in The Outlook are five books now before us.

The most important of these is Mrs. Robinson's faithful and intimate picture of her brother in boyhood and throughout his career. The stories of the boy Theodore are often delightful, and the later narrative of his family life adds to one's impression of Roosevelt's joy in his whole-hearted devotion to those dear to him, so finely shown in his "Letters to His Children." There are also vivid pen pictures of Roosevelt as Governor and President.

HAPPY WARRIOR ROOSEVELT (THE). By Bradley Gilman. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

Mr. Gilman's book is peculiarly valuable because it gives intimate information about Roosevelt's college days. Gilman and Roosevelt were classmates. The author justly characterizes his own attitude and method when he says: "I have tried to analyze the character of my college classmate, Theodore Roosevelt, and to interpret him by his words and deeds. I have not hesitated to go quite beyond the reportorial field of the chronicler. I have not cared to express a coldly judicial attitude. Rather have I sought to set forth that high estimate of him which I have cherished through more than three decades."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIMES. A Chronicle of the Progressive Movement. By Harold Howland. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

This is a valuable contribution to the Roosevelt literature. It traces Theodore Roosevelt's connection, not merely with the "Progressive" party, but with the whole great movement in the United States—municipal, State, and National—in which from his first entry into politics as a New York Assemblyman Mr. Roosevelt took so prominent a part and to which throughout his life he was an inspiration. Mr. Howland's admiration for his leader is not concealed, but it has not affected his accuracy as a historian.

ROOSEVELT IN THE KANSAS CITY "STAR." By Ralph Stout. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Another volume, and one of National as well as personal value, is the collection made by Mr. Ralph Stout, the managing editor of the Kansas City "Star," of the editorials which Roosevelt contributed to that journal during 1917 and 1918. Many of these concise bits of writing fairly bristle with patriotic vigor—for instance, "Broomstick Preparedness" and "Tell the Truth." Mr. Stout's volume contains an Introduction which is a new and original contribution to the literature about Roosevelt's personality. We copy one anecdote, new to us:

> A man of shady reputation had been appointed Indian Agent with the Sioux on a Dakota reservation. He put into effect many sharp practices with the Indians which would line his pockets with money. Roosevelt's ranch was not far away, and ranch affairs took him to the agency. One day he went to the agency and sought the agent.
>
> "You are Mr. ——?" the ranchman asked.
>
> "Yes," was the reply.
>
> "I have heard what you have been doing with the Indians. You are a thief! Good-day!"

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT: A SKETCH WITH LETTERS. By Kermit Roosevelt. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Still another interesting Roosevelt volume is Kermit's book about his brother Quentin. While this book is not directly concerned with the father, it certainly deserves a place on the shelf with "Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." It is largely made up of letters Quentin wrote in American training camps and in France before he died in his final flight.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

LAFAYETTE. By Lucy Foster Madison. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ART AND RELIGION. By Von Ogden Vogt. Illustrated. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $5.

OLIVER CROMWELL: A Play. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY OF GOVERNMENT (THE). By Alpheus Henry Snow. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.

AMERICAN RAILROAD PROBLEM (THE). By I. Leo Sharfman. The Century Company, New York. $3.

FALL OF FEUDALISM IN FRANCE (THE). By Sydney Herbert. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OF LABOR (THE). By Boutelle Ellsworth Lowe, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

MIDDLE AGES (THE). By Dana Carleton Munro. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HISTORY. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.75.

RECENT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Frederic L. Paxson. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

POETRY

SELECTED POEMS AND BALLADS OF PAUL FORT. Translated from the French by John Strong Newberry. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

FULL UP AND FED UP! THE WORKER'S MIND IN CROWDED BRITAIN. By Whiting Williams. Illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

HOW TO PSYCHO-ANALYZE YOURSELF. Theory and Practice of Remoulding the Personality by the Analytic Method. By Joseph Ralph. Published by the Author, Long Beach, Cal. $5.

MAROONED IN MOSCOW. The Story of an American Woman Imprisoned in Russia. By Marguerite E. Harrison. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They say it behind your back

EVEN as you read this, some of your friends may be saying it about you.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is not a pretty subject. The thing is too delicate for conversation even among close friends.

Yet all the while, quite innocently, you may be offending your friends and business associates. Halitosis becomes a silent, unmentioned indictment that holds back many a man. And he is the last one to know why.

Why entertain uncomfortable doubts about your breath when there is a simple, scientific precaution that will put you on the safe—and polite—side?

Listerine, the long-popular, liquid antiseptic, will defeat most cases of halitosis. It is a wonderfully effective mouth deodorant that quickly arrests food fermentation.

Of course, if halitosis is a symptom of some more deep-seated, organic disorder you will want to consult your physician or dentist. Naturally you wouldn't expect a mouth antiseptic to cure a bad stomach. But so often halitosis is merely local and temporary. The regular use of this excellent and pleasant antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle will suffice.

Try Listerine this way today. Note the clean, fresh feeling it leaves about your mouth, teeth and throat. At the same time you freshen your breath you are guarding against throat infections that may anticipate more serious ills.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2168 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

SHERMAN ROGERS reports in this issue one of the most encouraging instances of co-operation between city and country which has ever come to our knowledge. We commend this article to the particular attention of secretaries of Chambers of Commerce, secretaries of Rotary Clubs, and any one else who is looking for signposts along the road to prosperity.

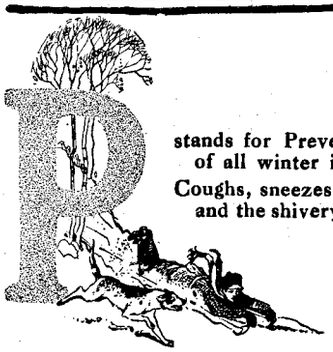
LYMAN ABBOTT, whose book review of "The Life of Robert, Marquis of

Salisbury" is published in this issue, has been Editor-in-Chief of this journal for over forty years. Dr. Abbott lately celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday.

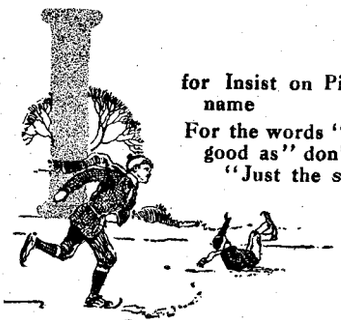
IN this issue appears a hitherto unpublished letter about Lincoln which has been discovered and edited by Mr. Leigh Mitchell Hodges, of the "North American Review." It tells the story of a visit made to the White House in 1863 by a Quaker sergeant, J. M. Stradling. Until the war "Jim" Stradling lived in Greenville, Pennsylvania, and served as apprentice to a tanner. Then, at nineteen, he enlisted in a New Jersey cavalry regiment. He later married a volunteer army nurse, went to live in Philadelphia, and thence moved to Beverley, New Jersey, where he died about five years ago.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE lives in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. He is the author of "Under the Pines," "Old Plantation Days," "Songs from a Valley," and numerous other volumes, and is a frequent contributor to The Outlook, "Collier's," "Field and Stream," etc.

PAUL LEE ELLERBE contributes to this issue "The Adopted Nephews of Samuel," an article which tells the story of the immigrant who wants to become a citizen. The article is based on ten years' experience in the naturalization courts. Mr. Ellerbe has been Chief Naturalization Examiner of the United States Department of Labor at Denver and assistant chief of the Americanization Section of the Council of National Defense in Washington, and lectured on Americanization at Chautauquas during the summers of 1918 and 1919. In collaboration with his wife he has written short stories and articles for "Harper's," "Century," "Collier's," "American," and other periodicals.

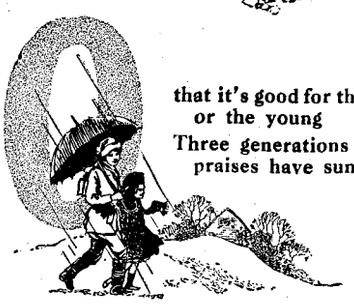


P stands for Prevention, of all winter ills—
Coughs, sneezes, colds and the shivery chills.



I for Insist on Piso's by name
For the words "Just as good as" don't mean "Just the *same*."

S is for Safety which means you are sure
That all things in Piso's are perfectly pure.



that it's good for the *Old* or the young
Three generations its praises have sung!

is for Sure and for Safe and for Sane—
When Piso's is used, not a cough can remain.

Piso's contains no opiate. It is good for young and old. Buy it today. 35c everywhere.

Piso's Throat and Chest Salve for external application is especially prepared for use in conjunction with the syrup.

PISO'S

SAFE AND SANE
-for Coughs & Colds-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEACON'S PRAYER[1]

BY SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE

A visitor, casually running his hand over the books in Colonel Roosevelt's study at Sagamore Hill recently, came upon a volume of poems that opened at a place where a leaf had been turned down. He found a poem called "The Deacon's Prayer" heavily slashed with a pencil to right and left by a reader who evidently approved its sentiments with vehemence. The suspicion that the vigorous markings had been made by Colonel Roosevelt himself was verified by a sentence from a letter from the author to Mr. Roosevelt pasted on the inside front cover: "It is very gratifying to me to know that you were pleased with 'The Deacon's Prayer.'" The poem was read at the meeting of the Roosevelt Pilgrims in the Trophy Room at Sagamore Hill on the third anniversary of Colonel Roosevelt's death.

THE hymn had slowly died away;
Then came the pause, and, while delayed
The brethren to exhort or pray,
The oldest deacon rose and prayed:
"O Lord, thine erring ones we are;
Perhaps we do not understand;
And yet we feel that, near and far,
There's need of danger in the land.

"Some things are safe that should not be;
Mob-murder, bribery, the desire
Of them, O Lord, who fear not thee,
To take away our food and fire.
Because of safety overmuch,
The wolves of commerce prowl and seize;
Thy truth is dangerous unto such;
Thy right, thy justice, send us these.

"And, Lord—we hesitate in this,
So oft we err in speech and plan—
We ask—forgive us if amiss—
We ask thee for some dangerous man.
Was not thy servant, Lincoln, one—
Him whom they hated so and slew?
Recall thy servant, Washington;
Thine enemies found him dangerous, too.

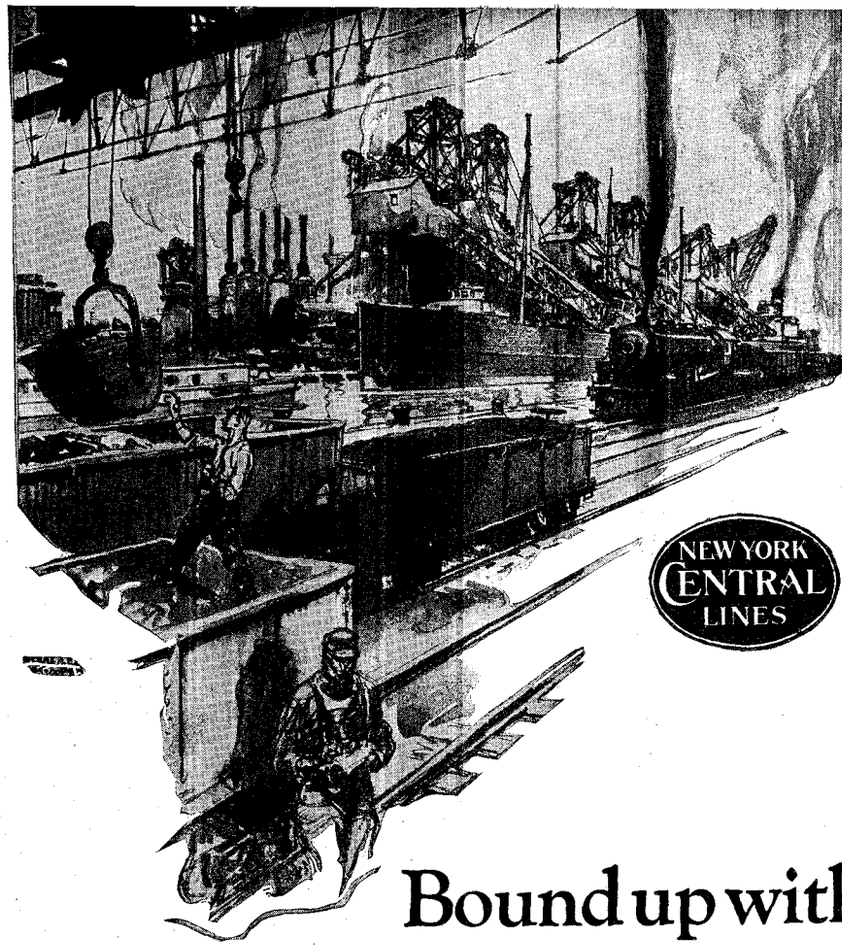
"And we remember One, dear Lord,
Who walked the ways of Galilee;
He brought and left on earth a sword—
None lives so dangerous as he!
And, oh, we dare not pray this night
For peace with sin, lest everywhere
That sword of justice, truth, and right
Lay on our path its awful glare!

"Beat back the hosts of lawless might;
Quench this accursed thirst for gold;
And with the love of heaven smite
The hearts that now seem hard and cold.
Vouchsafe to us the power again
To turn 'I ought' into 'I can,'
'I can' into 'I will,' and then
Grant us, O Lord, some dangerous man.

"Not one who merely sits and thinks,
Looks Buddha-wise, with folded hands;
Who balances, and blinks, and shrinks,
And questions—while we wait commands!
Who dreams, perchance, that right and wrong
Will make their quarrel up some day,
And discord be the same as song—
Lord, not so safe a one, we pray!

"Nor one who never makes mistakes
Because he makes not anything;
But one who fares ahead and breaks
The path for truth's great following;

[1] From "The Great Grey King," published by Sherman, French & Co.



Bound up with the Destiny of the Country

"THE road with a destiny bound up with that of half the country," says the Boston Commercial, reviewing the development of the New York Central Lines.

This railroad system stretches from the North Atlantic ports of New York and Boston, across the rich manufacturing states that have given America its world leadership in industry—reaching the center of the automobile industry at Detroit, and the heart of the iron and steel district at Pittsburgh; and its western terminals are at Chicago and St. Louis, the Mississippi Valley gateways to the granaries of the West.

Within the territory served by the New York Central Lines are 50 million people, producing 65% of the manufactures of the country. Over these Lines is carried a tenth of the rail-borne commerce of the country—a traffic greater than that of all the railways of England and France.

From the first courageous railroad experiments of nearly a century ago, to the modern achievement of the *Twentieth Century Limited* service between New York and Chicago, the New York Central Lines have been not only carriers of commerce, but essential factors in the upbuilding of American communities and industries.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY – MICHIGAN CENTRAL – BIG FOUR – LAKE ERIE & WESTERN
KANAWHA & MICHIGAN – TOLEDO & OHIO CENTRAL – PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
NEW YORK CENTRAL – AND – SUBSIDIARY LINES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW-SKIN

An Antiseptic Dressing

Little skin hurts, if neglected, sometimes prove troublesome.

Treat them with New-Skin, the antiseptic, waterproof covering that protects the wound and prevents germs from entering.

15c and 30c. *At all Druggists*

NEWSKIN COMPANY

NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Why delay the purchase of that *Tycos* Fever Thermometer

Don't guess about so vital a matter as your health. Keep a *Tycos* Fever Thermometer in the home.

One of many Thermometers — bath, candy, wall, oven, etc. made for home use by world's largest makers of temperature instruments.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester N.Y. U.S.A.

There's a *Tycos* and *Taylor* temperature instrument for every purpose

T-104

THE DEACON'S PRAYER *(Continued)*

Who takes the way that brave men go—
  Forever up stern duty's hill;
Who answers 'Yes,' or thunders 'No,'
  According to thy holy will.

"We want a man whom we can trust,
  To lead us where thy purpose leads;
Who dares not lie, but dares be just—
  Give us the dangerous man of deeds!"
So prayed the deacon, letting fall
  Each sentence from his heart; and when
He took his seat the brethren all,
  As by one impulse, cried, "Amen!"

THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISING

Your tribute to the profession (or business) of advertising in your issue of January 4 is appreciated by many of us who are devoting our best efforts to this field, but I fear you get a little too close to idealism when you say that the advertising agent and solicitor have an organized code of ethics as strict as that of the lawyer or the physician.

Advertising in the field of commerce is to a large extent merely a form of salesmanship—salesmanship by printed word and picture rather than by oral method. The standards of practice in the field of commerce have surely advanced, but commerce is still commercial and selfish to a considerable extent.

Nine-tenths of the solicitors of advertising find no difficulty in convincing themselves that their magazines, newspapers, or other mediums that they may represent are suitable for the advertising of every manufacturer or merchant whom they may approach.

The "Police Gazette" man in approaching the publisher of Bibles can hold, and with some logic, that his readers are not so well supplied with Bibles as the readers of the "Sunday-School Times"—therefore the field is a virgin one needing cultivation, etc.

Advertising agents do sometimes (perhaps I might say, "often") advise against advertising, but they too usually have no difficulty in convincing themselves that the prospective advertiser has a chance for success, and very often, I fear, are willing, as an advertising agent, to see him double his appropriation when, if they were directors on the advertiser's board, they would be more conservative. In other words, the advertising agent's job is to develop advertising. He is paid by publishers for doing that.

And as for advertising being a new profession! New methods have been adopted, but advertising, primarily, is as old as the hills. I read in the Book of Books that Noah advertised the coming of the flood aggressively but ineffectively, because he didn't succeed in getting people to believe him; and getting people to believe is to-day more difficult than to get them to see, read, or remember. But later Joseph ran a most successful outdoor campaign in the land of Egypt prior to the great famine. In Roman days there were men who

CELEBRATED BUFFALO MINERAL SPRINGS WATER

FOR LIVER AFFECTIONS

JAMES L. CABELL, A.M., M.D., LL.D., late Professor of Physiology and Surgery, University of Virginia: "Buffalo Mineral Springs Water contains in notable quantities two of the alkalies which are accredited as extremely valuable in the treatment of Gout, Lithiasis and Liver Affections. Numerous testimonials from the profession have established the fact that it has already accomplished results such as its composition would indicate."

Buffalo Mineral Springs Water is helpful in the treatment of Albuminuria, Bladder and Kidney Stones, Bladder Inflammation, Enlarged Prostate, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, Neuritis, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Acidosis, Dyspepsia, and Nausea from any cause. It is an active antacid Diuretic. Also a delightful non-carbonated table water.

Physicians and other interested persons are invited to write to the Springs for "Fifty Years of Medical Opinions," a little book about Buffalo Mineral Springs Water written by many prominent physicians in all parts of the country. At all Druggists.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

DEAF?

Here's Free Proof That You Can Hear!

The wonderful, improved Acousticon has now enabled nearly 500,000 deaf people to hear. We are sure it will do the same for you; are so absolutely certain of it that we are eager to send you the

1922 ACOUSTICON

For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL

No Deposit — No Expense

There is nothing you will have to do but ask for your free trial. No money to pay, no red tape, no reservation to this offer. Our confidence in the present Acousticon is so complete that we will gladly take all the risk in proving, beyond any doubt, that the

Joy of Hearing Can Be Yours Again!

The new Acousticon has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have ever tried, just ask for a free trial of the New Acousticon. You'll get it promptly, and if it doesn't make you hear, return it and you will owe us nothing—not one cent.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORP.

1303 Candler Bldg. 220 W. 42d St., N. Y. City

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THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISING
(*Continued*)

earned a livelihood by the cutting of advertisements in stone—a form of medium that stuck around much longer than even the pages of the esteemed Outlook. And much later we had the town-crier, whose leather-lunged offerings were quite as effective in a small way as the flaring headlines of a Willie-Randolph-Hearst newspaper.

I write as an advertising writer and agent, also as one who spent years in the teaching of advertising and tried to teach good ideals. I think that business conscience has advanced in the field of advertising, as in other fields, but no faster. Study various kinds of advertising and see. Shameful though it may be, that most outrageous and cruel form of advertising—so-called consumption-cure announcements—are still inserted by fairly prominent mediums, and it has not been more than a year or so ago that the manager of one of your largest New York newspapers ingenuously justified the publisher's part in the robbery of consumptives by saying that "if advertising agents and advertisers didn't send such advertising to the newspapers it wouldn't be published." Isn't that like the newspapers?

It will be a long time probably before men with wares for sale will advance to the high ethical practice of the best type of lawyer or physician. The millennium is still in the sky.

S. ROLAND HALL.

Easton, Pennsylvania.

THE WAR AND FRENCH DUELS

ANY sort of evidence of a change in sentiment or conduct brought about by the Great War is worth noting. Last June the Belgian-French dramatist Franz Wiener, called Francis de Croisset, made an effort to revive at the Théâtre de Paris his verse drama "Chérubin," written several years ago, bitterly attacked and withdrawn at the Théâtre Français after the general rehearsal. The picturesquely abusive theatrical critic of the "Mercure de France," Henri Béraud, made the revival of the piece the occasion of an insulting evaluation of the playwright's talent and character, in the course of which he made use of the epithet *coeur de limande* (the *limande* is a flatfish). This spirited if somewhat obscure comparison, which in its context is seen to apply to Monsieur de Croisset's private life as well as his literary activities, would no doubt a few years back have cost powder, if not blood; but its result in 1921 was a cold note from the author of "Chérubin" to the "Mercure de France," quoting two citations for courage under fire, with the comment:

"Before the war, as I have proved, I never let such qualifications pass without demanding satisfaction. I have changed my mind since. There are others who have done the same."

Let us hope they are numerous. Duels were sometimes serious, even in France.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

753

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 678, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

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SPECIAL REAL ESTATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The issues of March Fifteen and April Nineteen will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property

CALIFORNIA

LAZY ACRES Banning, Cal. 40-acre full-bearing almond orchard. 2 bungalows, barn, mules, complete farm equipment. Excellent water right. $40,000. Address J. G. Repplier, Owner.

CONNECTICUT

BERKSHIRE HILLS
and Vicinity

High-class country estates **for sale** and to **rent.** Inspect our offerings before deciding. E. L. PEABODY, Broker, Lakeville, Conn.

EASTERN POINT SALE or RENT
12-Room COTTAGE, 2 baths. S. T. Pollard, 224 W. Lafayette Ave., Baltimore, Md.

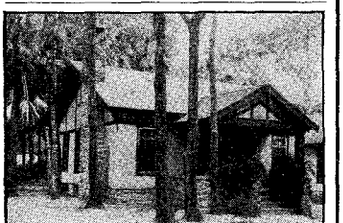
FOR SALE
New Haven, Conn.

High elevation. One mile from New Haven. Approach either through the beautiful East Rock Park or New Haven's finest avenue—Whitney Ave. Adjoins New Haven Country Club. House 14 rooms, all improvements. Hot water heat. 7½ acres. Also beautiful lake entirely on premises. Barn, garage. Orchard. Price $30,000.

W. E. DAVIS, JR.
902 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

Gateway to the **Berkshires—Litchfield Hills**
For Rent—Attractive cottages and homes, summer of 1922—$500 to $3,500. All modern conveniences. Estates, homes and farms—**For Sale.** WILLARD BAKER, Sharon, Conn.

FLORIDA



A Maidless Bungalow

At delightful Daytona—built by owner for ease and comfort, with housekeeping almost automatic. Five rooms and bath, every modern convenience. Near golf club, Oseola Inn and The Seville. Also one with six rooms.

L. S. BROWN
112 Bellevue Avenue Daytona, Fla.

FLORIDA FARM LAND FOR SALE. Absentee ownership necessitates sale. Near railroad. 40 miles from Tampa. Original homestead. 160 acres. $3,000. Mrs. G. A. Evans, 1222 N. W. 7th Ave., Miami, Fla.

MAINE

Camden, Me. Seashore and mountains combined. Fully furnished high class **summer cottages for coming season.** Best selections now. Plans, photos, and unusually full description. **Rentals** from **$500** to **$3,000.**
J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

MAINE

Cottage (shore) Camden, Me. Living, dining rooms and den, kitchen, open fireplaces in each. 8 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 enclosed porches, garage. Winter, 123 Argyle Rd., Ardmore, Pa.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME. For Sale or Rent, Cottage and Bungalow on Southport Shore. Fine ocean and harbor view. Rent $150 and $200. Price $1,000 and $1,500. Easy terms. Send for photos. J. H. Blair, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

COUNTRY BARGAIN

On the edge of the village of **Bar Mills,** which is on railroad inland 18 miles from Portland, a large house with modern improvements and outbuildings, elevated, excellent site and neighborhood, will be sold partly furnished, including good piano, for $3,500; deferred payments if desired. Photo and details of JOHN D. HARDY, 10 High St., Boston.

Mt. Desert Island Cottages
MRS. ALICE C. YOUNG, Real Estate, Box 213, Southwest Harbor, Me.

Old Orchard Beach, Me. We have several well furnished **cottages for sale** and to **let.** Harmon Realty Co., Old Orchard, Me.

Pemaquid Harbor, MAINE COAST Furnished cottages to rent. Good boating, bathing, and fishing. Address Eva E. Whitehouse, 22 Pleasant St., Augusta, Maine.

For sale—Farm and attractive summer home, 50 miles north of Portland, 3 miles Boston steamer, railroad direct to Portland and Boston. 80-acre farm, 30 tillage, rest wood, growing in value. Excellent springs, brook and well. Large substantial windmill. Buildings almost new. 8-roomed house, large pantry, bath, two attics, two fireplaces, awnings, screens, storm windows, banking boards, large barn and smaller one, farm tools, two large henhouses, icehouse. Reason for selling, death. Bargain, $6,500 cash. Furniture can be purchased at reasonable rate if taken before April. Address owner, M. B. A., 6,389, Outlook.

SORRENTO, ME.

FOR SALE or TO LET. Modern Cottage, in Colonial farmhouse style, on shore of Frenchman's Bay. 8 rooms, fully furnished, 2 baths, 4 open fireplaces. Rent $325 for season. Boating, swimming, tennis, golf. Apply to Mrs. L. E. Rowe, 281 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

MARYLAND

COLONIAL estates; modern country places on beautiful tidewater rivers of Maryland; shooting preserves; fertile inland farms; catalog free. Dixie Realty Co., Cambridge, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAPE Ocean Front Bungalows
COD Moderate rents. S. W. Ball, 56 Pine St., N. Y.

TRURO
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FOR SALE—VENTURE INN. Delightful location in quiet village on beautiful bay. Excellent fishing and boating. Suitable for club, vacation house or summer hotel. Write G. E. Adams, Chaumont, N. Y.

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FOR SALE—CAMP. Fully furnished. Main room 18 ft. x 25 ft., porch 10 ft. wide, 35 ft. long; 40 ft. ell of bedrooms, maid's room. Ice house, combination boat-house and garage, 2 boats. Beautiful pine grove 195 ft. frontage. Price $3,500. 6,371, Outlook.

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Attractive 12 Room House
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